

I should boast,
of Christ, my God;
that charm me most,
His blood.

His hands, His feet,
w mingled down;
I sorrow meet,
so rich a crown?

of nature mine,
far too small;
Divine,
my life, my all.

n light. B. J., 45, 2.

light,
I bright,
as on Calvary,
died,

at sets us free,
us.

ie away,
refuge flee;
hands,
hands, on the tree.

le, prayed,
agony!
a wet
f, Gethsemane.

n, died for thee;
ear,

set thee free.

f sin.

Paradise Alley.

andone, for my path
ed, vile life I was
had a heart full of

might be forgiven,
peace, nor my sins
life full of blessing,
I, that would make

our confessing.

us.

this vain world is
a misery from with-
my soul by sin,
of gold that God

I in the path which
shinner in darkness,
ht, losing strength

ways, oh, so care-
call, and what'er
own sin and sorrow,
d of the book of

right through like

long, though the
if I would hasten
I would pardon

God I would never,
yrs, and my long,

my pleasure;
while in Satan's

ok me with pleas-

brother libation.

all the coward to
to speak the need-

sed. Verily, as a
so is a proverb in

all things are not
I, but even to be

will be united to
Heaven and earth,

gods, and rules the
It is a wonderful

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bat motion, where
to be sheltered in

I now to dwell in
to are stayed, and

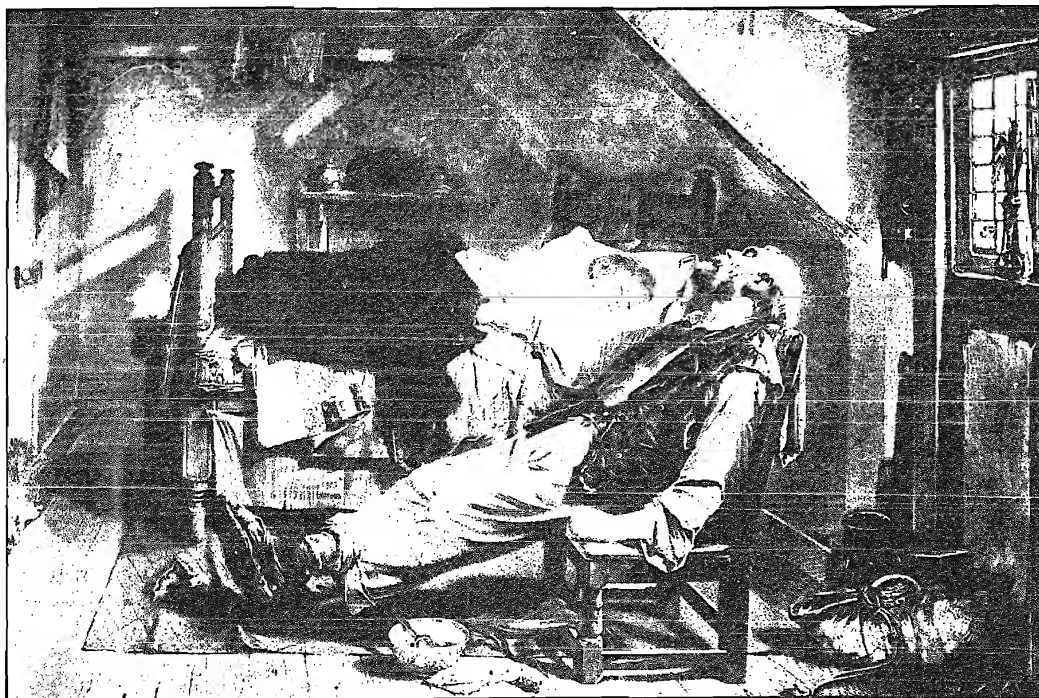
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mind is stayed on

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THE WAR CRY

GAZETTE OF THE ARMY IN NORTH WESTERN AMERICA

VOL. III. NO. 1. [General of the R. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, JUNE 26, 1897. [Evangeline Booth, Counsellor for North Western America.] PRICE 5 CENTS.



Wat Hardwicke's Dream.

OUR PICTURE is of the reality—not of the dream itself. But, as with all other of sleep's fast-told narratives, the dream grew out of the actual. It is ever from the scene of the actual that our dreamland borrows. That touch of vivid life which compels us to go through fancy joy or sorrow over fancied pleasure or pain, and wake feeling we have already lived the day just commencing.

Wat Hardwicke's posture told of that extremity of fatigue which makes the most uncomfortable position to be one of an approach to rest. The discomfort of the surroundings had certainly not kept Wat awake. We do not think that he had even seen the

Strange Mixture of Poverty's Oddments

that strewn the little room with such disorder—unless it had been that in some vague way he had been conscious of an air of trouble in the disarrangement which seemed to add to the condition of his sick child. For it was upon her that his gaze fastened—the pale baby face upon the pillow which had been before him all day, ever coming between him and his work like an angel reminder of all that was tender and beautiful in the rough carpenter's heart. And there was the sting of it all—for May seemed slipping away into the ringed world, and there was no possibility of procuring those in-

valid trillies which often serve to keep a life buck from the unseen. If only for a space, jewels and graces belonged to another realm of invalids, they were strangers to Wat Hardwicke's home in sickness or in health.

But though his attention had not been attracted to the details of the bare little room, his work-worn hands had felt the chilliness of the baby fingers, and taking off his old fustian jacket, had tenderly laid it over the sleeping form. His eyes, accustomed to strong glare of light necessary to perform the more delicate portions of his daily toll, had felt the faint flicker of the candle's ray as it struck the blue-veined eyelids of the child, and had softened the candle-stick behind the shadow of the bed-post.

Then he had stretched himself for watching by the side of the little May through the long hours of the night—he dare not leave her to take rest, even supposing there had been another couch on which for him to lie—which there was not. But two days' work in one, Wat could not do. The busily-piled tools, those weapons wielded in

Wat's War for Bread

had been laid aside for the more tedious task of love's vigil. The tired frame rebelled against the strain, and as May slept on, overbright nature took its own way, and Wat Hardwicke slept.

So the night wore on. The dream moment of midnight passed into the chilly

small hours of the morning, and then the faint grey of the dawn pierced the dirty casement, and threw a hazy glimmer across the wall, to compete with the yellow flame of the candle, which sputtered and sank as if it knew that its light was rapidly becoming unnecessary. A half-starved mouse crept out of its hole to see if there was any scanty remains of the invalid's scanty food, and explored the empty bowl at the man's feet. But still Wat Hardwicke slept on—for he was in the land of dreams, and felt not the stiff joints of his tired, chilled limbs nor the pinpricks of the pangs of hunger.

He fancied himself still sitting in the chair by the bedside, with intent gaze fixed upon the baby's face, when he became conscious that another shadow mingled with the many shadows of that little room of sorrow. But this shade seemed to mark the spot where it fell with light, not darkness, and Wat looked up in astonishment. A tall stranger stood within the closed door, looking down upon the father and his child with eyes that seemed to see and sympathize with every fier on and under the surface of the little scene. When Wat looked up, the stranger was looking at the infant, but now he turned his glorious eyes upon the man and said, in a gentle, musical voice,

"I have brought a message."

"From whom?" asked Wat, who was surprised at himself that he felt no fear for what he felt must be an apparition.

"From the King's Palace," was the answer.

Then Wat's face grew hard and his voice harsh as he exclaimed:

"No King has aught to do with me, nor I with any King. The rich, the noble know nothing of such as I,—they would

not care to see my misery. Ah, I have heard them call us as they swept past in their carriages—heartless animals! Well, there's little about me worthy to be called human to be sure, starved and soiled in the struggle to keep the wolf from the door. But heartless—never!

The Bit of Human Left

is my poor, aching heart, throbbing at the sight of such as this"—laying his hand, which had been clenched in anger a moment before, tenderly upon the wasted baby one.

"They can have no hearts that say that we have not—proud, selfish!"

"Hush!" said the Stranger, gently, but sternly, "speak not evil of those of whom you do not know. I come not from any earthly monarch, but a Heavenly."

"God?" said Wat, silently. "If there is a God He cares not for such as me."

The Stranger lifted the bag of tools. "Our Lord once carried tools such as yours," he said; "they called Him the Carpenter of Nazareth, and you can never experience greater toll, nor feel greater fatigue than did He. Neither your frame nor your heart can ache more frequently than His: His hands were roughened with the holding of the hammer. His head painful from the sound of its heavy fall."

"I have heard the story," said Wat, slowly. "I remember mother said, when I first took up nails, that she was glad I liked best to follow the trade made sacred by His touch. But that was long since. Mother's dead, and her Bible put away. My wife's gone, too. There's only my trade left and precious little there is in that that seems sacred—barely enough to keep body and soul of my child, together. If Christ cared for poor carpenters,

ters still, would He let my master cheat me, sweat me, starve me?" he exclaimed, fiercely.

"His interest and love for you is unalterable. It is not He who changed, but yourself since the days of mother's Bible, and her tears and prayers of which you do not speak, and yet are reminded. Judge not the sins of others, but your own."

Then Wat moved uneasily in his chair, demanding what wrong had been done. If he had drunk a little at times, it was to drown his misery; if he had sworn against his God, it was because of his sorrow.

"Misery is No Excuse for Sin."

breathed the Stranger, "and only increase your sorrow. Hard as the times have been—and you need not tell me of their hardness, for every detail of the woes of men is heard in the courts of the King—this poorly-stricken room has been made far sadder, and your little girl's face paler by your resentful feelings towards the God who loves you, and who still says, do not speak until you have heard me (for Wat tried to interrupt) "the very hardness of your lot might make Heaven seem nearer, and Christ more precious if your mind was balanced to view things in the light of His Salvation, and your heart cleansed by that charity which 'thinketh no evil' of any man. But, however erroneous, is glorified by the presence of God to the soul that walks in His will."

"I am too old to change—too hard a case,—hard as the boards I work on." But though the words sounded bitter, Wat's voice was husky and had lost the defiant ring.

"With the Master it is never too late to mend, while yet life lasts. For the power of His passion on Calvary is greater even than the force of His great example as Father, and can put you right and keep you so now, and always."

"What was his message," asked Wat suddenly. There had been silence for a minute while Wat's thoughts had been flying with remorseless pace through the past years of hard living, and hard thinking.

The Stranger smiled. "I think it is the Lord's time to give it now," he said. "This is what the Master said, 'Tell Wat Hardwicke that I know his troubles from result to cause, and how to supply him with a cure. I have stood by his side at the grave of his wife and sick couch of his child, and by his side in the way, thoughtless, neglected company of his commissions, when he has sought to 'drown' the misery of to-day in worse. I have known all his toil, sorrow and pain, and if he will, I will give him the power to finish his life-work in a better and a purer way—and with a new heart in the same surroundings he shall glorify Me, and shed a blessing on all—not out of his circumstances, but in them and through them."

His Toiling Life Shall be Made Beautiful.

That was the message. I was to take back a reply," and the Stranger paused. "Tell him," said Wat, his voice now husky to a whisper, "that I'm the poorest material He ever had to work on, but He has the right tools and skill, and He shall make me what He will. It has not been the toll, but the way I have done it that has hardened me—but my heart is soft for Him to work on to-night."

"And He will—He does," responded the Stranger, gladly, moving from the bedside. "Then the child seemed to stir, and the moistened eyes of the father rested again on her face. He said little, but turned and pleadingly will, he murmured, "but—"

"I think the Lord will leave her with you for a little, that you may train her for Himself," was the reply.

The Stranger vanished, and the dream was done—but not its effect, for such must last for ever.

Dreams are often God's blent images in which to view the stern and true realities of life. This may be such, for God's Strangers—our Angels—visit in many guises still the consciences of all, though oftentimes "entertained unwares," reminding the worker that the "Divine Toller is still amongst men, and that His Tough has, as ever, transforming and life-giving power.

A. L. P.

DON'T DESPAIR.

A YOUNG MAN who, without much human training, had been brought into the experience of full salvation, was terribly tempted at every turn. He went to one who had long known the fight of faith. The answer given him was: "It is evident that God can trust you, else He would not allow you to pass through these peculiar testings." This young man is to-day an Army Officer, who looks back at those dark times as the moulding experience through which all successful workers for God must pass. Had he become discouraged or driven back, the victory would never have come.

EVERY-DAY RELIGION.

BY THE GENERAL.

COURTSHIP.

No. III.



MY DEAR COMRADES—So far, I have taken up your time and my own in little more than setting forth reasons for courtship, and hesitancy on this interesting subject. I must now come to business. Supposing that prudence and religion alike indicate the desirability of Marriage, what is to be done next? The next step, it seems to me, is to fix in your own mind a Standard as to the qualities and character in a partner which will be likely to promote your future happiness, and assist you in the great business of life.

Have a Standard.

If a man goes to Market to purchase a horse, before he starts he forms an idea in his mind as to the kind of animal that he needs. If he goes forth to seek a house in which to live, he duly considers what sort of a residence he requires. If a woman wants a maid to assist her in her household work, or to wait upon her, she forms a distinct notion of the character and ability of the servant she wants.

Then, ought not a man or a woman to form a distinct Ideal in their minds as to what is required in the individual they need to fill so close, so tender and so important a position as Husband or Wife? Especially should this be the case when it is remembered that this is a Union that must continue as long as life shall last. If the horse does not prove suitable after trial, the farmer who has bought it can sell it again and obtain another. If the house is a disappointment to the tenant after residence, it can be vacated, or if the servant fails to fill the expectations of the mistress she can be exchanged for another. But should husband or wife find that they have been mistaken in their choice, there is no alternative for them. The Union must last until dissolved by death. There is no room found for repentance here.

I therefore advise all whom it may concern that they should, by prayer and reflection, set into their minds a living picture of the sort of man or woman likely to prove suitable for a life-long companion, and so that they may be able to recognize that it must be a most unpleasant experience—nay, to many, a great agony—to wake up, after the Matrimonial Knot has been tied, to find that a dire mistake has been made—a mistake that only death can remedy.

My Own Methods.

The course I recommend to others I acted upon myself. Years before the time came in which I made any use of it, I had a Standard in my own mind as to the sort of woman I required for a partner, and I have no doubt it helped to pilot me through a great deal of temptation in those early days. Similarly, when but a young girl, my dear wife made up her mind to the same course. She resolved that unless she had reason to believe that the individual seeking her hand possessed certain specific qualifications, no matter what other gifts he might possess, she would refuse the offer. I recommend the same plan to my young comrades. It will be likely to save them from some of the mistakes so commonly made around them, the results of which they can see with their own eyes in the life-long miseries entailed upon tens of thousands. It would be a wonder if there were not a great deal of wretchedness of this description in the world, considering the haphazard, reckless way in which matches are often made.

Salvationists must act with wisdom. I write for them. No matter what their

age, personal qualities or position may be, they can readily adapt my counsels to their own case, and if my Standard does not exactly suit the notions of those outside our ranks who may read this paper, it may help them to form one for themselves.

I will put my qualifications in the order of importance with which they strike me as I write:

I.—Religion.

1. AND FIRST, AND OF MOST IMPORTANCE, I MUST NAME RELIGION. That is Religion as interpreted by the Army, consisting of a definite experience of personal Salvation, involving what I have described at Exeter Hall a few days ago as the Three Points of the Salvation Charter. They are:—

1. A definite sense of the favour of God.
2. The possession of a Divine ability to lead a holy life, resulting from the regeneration of the heart by the power of the Holy Ghost.
3. A life of uniform devotion to the glory of God and the good of Mankind.

This is my first qualification. You must have that. To enter into Marriage relationship with any one who cannot be thus described is little short of Religious Madness, and must be in direct violation of the law of God. Spiritual things are spiritually discerned. Only Spiritual persons can see and understand them. Think of having a partner to whom you are an enemy all your days; who can neither understand your feelings, your views, your consecration for the present, or your hopes for the future? who won't understand you in life, and won't understand you in death. And not only who does not understand these things, but who is against you in them. The very thought is intolerable.

Paul says: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with Unbelievers, for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness, and what union hath light with darkness, and what agreement hath the temple of God with idols? for ye are the temple of the living God."

If that does not forbid the marriage of the sons and daughters of God with men and women who are not saved, and living under the direct inspiration of the Holy Ghost, pray what does it mean? And yet there are numbers who allow themselves to be calmed by uncoldy lovers, persuaded by worldly relations, or led by sentimental fancies or animal passions into Union with the unconverted, and who, as a rule, backslide in consequence.

Oh, what a crowd of men and women, seeking women, are walking about the earth to-day living Christian lives, rearing Christian families, and on their way to a Christian destiny as the result of their own Self-willed Unions with the unconverted!

"I shall win him over," is the senseless excuse with which many try to justify themselves for such conduct, but alas! the winning over is usually in the opposite direction. I have wondered sometimes how it is that with these mixed marriages the Christian usually goes over to the enemy, and I have arrived at the conclusion that the secret of the calamity which befalls them is the fact that the Holy Spirit is grieved, and the Backsliding commenced, by the barefaced transgression of the dictates of Common-Sense and the open opposition to the Divine command.

My Comrades, unless you have made up your minds to the rearing of families to serve the Devil and finish up in Hell,

don't marry, under any pretence whatever, except you can marry in the Lord.

II.—Salvationism.

FOR MY SECOND QUALIFICATION FOR THE SALVATION SOLDIER, EITHER HUSBAND OR WIFE, MUST BE SALVATIONISM. That must involve:—

1. SOLDIERHOOD. The name must not only be on the Roll, but the heart truly loyal to the old Flag. There can be no peace in heart, or home, or family, with any division here. You must sit side by side in the same barracks, and stand shoulder to shoulder in the same fight.

2. TOTAL ABSTINENCE FROM EVERY FORM OF INTOXICATED LIQUOR. There must be no allowance in spirit or of practice on this subject, or what exemption can you set before the children?

3. NO TOBACCO. A Salvationist's wife could not help looking down in pity on a husband, if she did not despise him, who was addicted to this practice, and I need not say a word as to how a husband would regard a wife who indulged in it.

4. UNIFORM. If you have not got so far as that, you are not ready for you. Anyway, you have put off your attire, and you must have a partner who has done the same.

5. CONSECRATION. You are not your own. You say so, and I hope you feel as you profess; but if you are going to take to your heart and unite your life with another, he or she must share your feelings as to the privilege and duty of laying body, soul, children, and all the possible outcome of the union, on the altar of Sacrifice to God and the World.

So much for Salvationism.

III.—Health.

6. THE THIRD QUALIFICATION IS HEALTH. I am not quite clear as to the laying down of any inexorable rule on this point. It seems hardly right for any man or woman to desire more in this direction than they are prepared to give, and even if they bring a strong, vigorous body to the union themselves, it does not follow that they should always insist upon the same in return. Still, if this is not essential it is very desirable.

There may, however, be many things that compensate for its absence. Indeed, I thought there were in my case, when I was betrothed to my own Beloved. Although she was in very delicate health at the time, she has been since as healthy and beautifully good, so intensely devoted, and seemed to me so wonderfully intellectual, which, taken altogether, made her appear to me far more than a compensation for her bodily weakness, and I have never budged since.

So I made the venture, depending on God's mercy, and it was strange how the same reason helped her to be a mother of health for the thirty-four long years she was allowed to remain by my side. And in the long run she was not only able to do more for her family, and in the way of nursing, and for her home, in His service, than most women, but to do a great deal for the Kingdom of God in addition; and how much she did for me only eternity will declare.

IV.—Affinity.

7. THEN THERE IS AFFINITY. That is, there should be as much agreement in taste and likings, both of head and heart, between the parties as will be likely to ensure their walking together through life with a measure of comfort and unity.

All around us there are any number of husbands and wives who are not only religious but devoted and consecrated, whose marriage relations, if they cannot be correctly described as being miserable, are very far from being happy, and are only endured as a necessity. Some difference in the temper or disposition makes them distasteful to each other. They may not quarrel, or have any open differences, no hard words may be spoken and no hard feelings may be indulged in between them, but there is no real friendship, no loving of love. They don't find their earthly satisfaction in each other's company. For that they turn to the children, or to business, or to friends, or elsewhere, or they may find it in God, or they may not find it at all. There are other qualifications than those named that have to do with happy marriage, which, if sanctified and hallowed by humility and grace, will add to the value of the Union, but upon them I must postpone until next week what remarks I may have to offer.

V.—Love.

Meanwhile, it occurs to me to name one quality which must be possessed by both parties, without which they should not go to account for any marriage at all, and that quality is LOVE. If there is no love, in the name of all that is sacred and righteous in earth and Heaven,

I forbid the Bands!

Your affectionate General,

WILLIAM BOOTH.

OUR :

Commando

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A LEGAL ENEMY

Arrays Itself Against

OUR: AMERICAN: COMRADES.



Commander Booth-Tucker.

IT IS NOW SOME WEEKS since the conflict of a legal assaultment attack of our Comrades of the American Headquarters. A specially blessed Salvation Campaign woke the smouldering fires of opposition to the flame which brought about the Commander's conviction.

The All-Night of Prayer held in the Auditorium of the Memorial Building has been reported as remarkable for spiritual power and results, but it has not been described by any of our informants as distinctively by its noise. Yet upon the opposition of the latter was the first extension of the Army's not too friendly recognition, his protest against the sounds of Salvation music at that hour. And they did more sanely descend the songs that were sung at the All-Night as vulgar, and even worse, and labelling the general possession of the meeting as "domesticating." The extraordinary and almost the unimagined indifference to "keeping out maintaining is common, ill-governed, disorderly house." The charge with its insinuations of ill repute, a storm of righteous indignation from the many and unimpaired quarters.

Absolute Injustice

of this wording and the baseness of its purpose roused a strong feeling of sympathy on the Army's side. It was easy to read in this extreme charge the malice of some neighbors of the Memorial Building who had no good wishes towards the saving work that has its centre there, although based in the nominal name of the people.

Although there was nothing in the proceedings of that blessed All-Night but what was perfectly within the limits of the law and for the good-fellowship and eternal welfare of humanity, once again the law was brought in as an excuse to give an unkind and harmful thrust to the Army, and such complaints were made as brought about the serving of a summons upon the Commander and the issuance of a trial which has ended in a verdict of guilty, surprising and dismaying thousands. It would be difficult and impossible to discuss the probabilities that have made such a verdict possible. The reports of the trial show that seemingly there was much that took place in Court that would have appeared to be in our favor. The intended services of the Honorable ex-Mayor Oakey Hall, were put grandly at our disposal as the counsel for the defence, and the evidence was distinctly more substantial and well-sustained upon the Army's side. Yet, notwithstanding, the result was in favor of the prosecution, and added a blow to the noble banner of our noble American commitment of

Our Daring and Undaunted Organization.

So upon the evening of the third day of the trial, Commissioner Booth-Tucker stepped upon the platform of the Memorial Hall with a Court sentence hanging over his head, and that one with a maximum penalty of one year's imprisonment, or a fine of £200 or both.

The Commander's address upon this occasion was received with an enthusiastic welcome, was strong, unshaken, fearless and full of the deep purpose of one who had done the right thing in the interests of souls and liberty, and left the consequences with God.

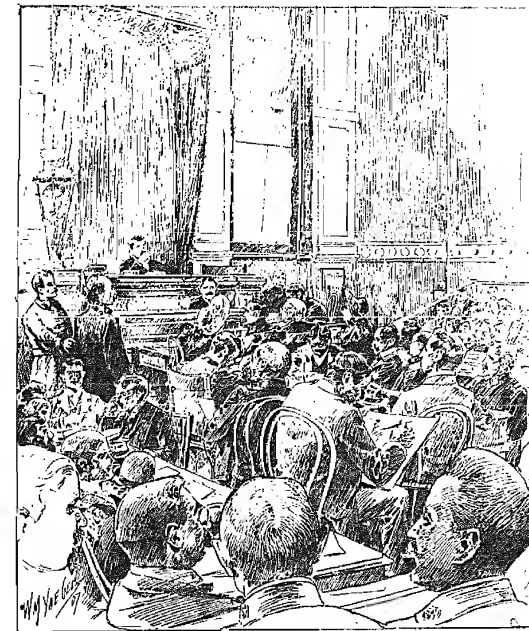
Pointing out the wide-spread influence of this struggle, he said:

"This is not a personal battle which we are fighting. I represent the rights and liberties of thousands of our people throughout the United States to worship God in the way that their consciences would dictate. I represent the thousands of other organizations and missions which

conduct similar services, and the churches which may some future attack strive to do the same. A dangerous attack has been made upon the liberties of one and all. Not only so, but upon the similar rights of the political organizations. What is to prevent the day from coming when a few neighbors, of either Republican or Democratic tendencies, shall rise up to hinder, for the maintenance of a public nuisance and a disorderly house, those who may wish to conduct a public meeting of a persuasion different to their own? Those political gatherings are at least no quieter than our own. The liberties that are theirs should be ours. The attack upon us will only prevent one upon others. It is the invasion of the thin end of the wedge. It will place us and others at the mercy of the dictation of handfuls of neighbors, who will now be in a position to name as 'the people of New York.'

I have only to add that we shall conduct our campaign in a calm, humble, prayerful manner, consistent, I trust, with the dictates of the Master whose we are and whom we serve.

The gray hairs are in my head—too many to count; the evening of life is upon me; already my daybreak glimmers on the near horizon! I wish to spend each



The Scene in the Court.

remaining hour—I have sought to share my conversation for God and souls. I do not shrink from the cross. I realize that from the pulpit of Whitcomb's Island I may be able to preach a sermon, the echoes of which shall reach the hearts of more sinners and more saints than the platforms on which I have hitherto stood. The grace of God is sufficient for me. You will not pity me, but you will pray for me, and I will serve you and our beloved country and the Salvation Army and poor lost souls and our precious Jesus with the best blood-drop that flows in my veins.

As yet the Commander's courageous spirit has not yet had to take the actual step within prison doors for the sake of the liberties for which he is fighting. When he came up to the Court on June 1st to receive final sentence, he should have to depart for the cells straightway, the case was again postponed. The date of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee is the occasion selected for the settlement of the matter.

Meanwhile the effect of the unjust prosecution has already been seen in petty convictions of Salvation Army Officers in different parts of the States.

A national outbreak would soon sweep this job if he stopped to reply to every little dog that barked at the truth.

Holiness Gems.

(From the Life of WM. BRAMWELL.)

"My motto, 'Holiness to the Lord.'"

What shall we do to praise the Lord more, to promote His glory, and obtain greater blessings?"

Mr. Bramwell rose every morning at five o'clock for prayer.

He gave himself to fasting and prayer, and diligently sought renewed baptisms of the Holy Ghost; therefore he was "strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might."

I see more than ever that those who are given up to God, in continual prayer, are men of business, both for earth and heaven. They go through the world with compasses, are ready in every case, and make the greatest glory of the greatest cross.

"To be all alive to God, is as it were two thens; to be unstable, and not a whole Christian is two halves."

"Intimate communion with God produces the fruit of deep humility."

"If you are called to preach, or exhort, or teach, you are called to live, to pray, to walk with God."

"Oh, my brother, resolve to rise early; let not flesh and blood hinder, and all will fall beneath your feet."

"Live, my dear brother, with Abraham in believing, with Elias in prayer, with Daniel in courage, with John in love, with Paul in feeling for the world (remember this was night and day with tears)."

—Selected by H. C. KENDALL, Esq.

MONTREAL'S

JUBILEE HOME FOR WOMEN

OPENED BY

The Women's Social Secretary.

Dr. Reddy Presides—Splendid Seven Years' Record—Citizens Say Home Deserves Government Support.

The following is the Herald's interesting report on the great Social event at Montreal:

The Salvation Army Jubilee Industrial Home, 23 St. Antoine Street, was formally opened Wednesday, 2nd June. Dr. Reddy presided, and Brigadier Mrs. Read, Superintendent of the Army's Rescue Work, was present, and gave a most interesting address. There was a good attendance of ladies and gentlemen, as well as a number of the Army Officers. The meeting opened with a reading from Scripture, followed by prayer from Brigadier Read. The Chairman, in an admirable address, said that one very important feature of the institution was that no one was deterred from entering there, be they Catholics or Turks. If they were friendless or homeless that was all the passport required. Formerly all such cases were relegated to the jail. In this home they are received and helped and encouraged to lead respectable, honest lives. The motto of the Home, "For His Sake," speaks volumes. Dr. Reddy concluded by heartily commending the Home as well worthy of the generous support and sympathy of Montreal's large-hearted citizens.

Brigadier Mrs. Read, in a very earnest address, spoke of the work of the Home when it was first started on Plateau Street, seven years ago. Since that time 500 young women have passed through the Home. Of these twenty have gone to friends, 200 to situations, four dead, five married, six to other homes, the remainder unsatisfactory. Last year 111 girls were received in the old home and twenty-nine children. A tea was given last evening in the new home to former inmates of the old home on Plateau Street.

Mrs. Read narrated some touching incidents from her life, which she attributed most impressively to her deep earnestness and simple eloquence. Rescue work was started by the Salvation Army ten years ago in London, and during that time 125,000 girls have been rescued in all parts of the world. In Toronto a civic grant is allowed for this work, but no application has as yet been made for the same in Montreal. This being Jubilee Year, it was a most opportune time to make such a request, as a fund was needed to carry on the work.

The following motions were put and carried: 1st. That this meeting, having heard an account of the work being carried on in Montreal by the Salvation Army Rescue Home, has a good claim on the Government for financial assistance, and we desire to recommend it for consideration. 2nd. That the civic authorities be asked to grant the Army Officers of the Home authority to go into the Female Jail to see the women there whenever they so desire.

Dr. Reddy then announced that the name of the institution was henceforth changed from Salvation Rescue Home to that of Salvation Army Jubilee Industrial Home.

After the meeting many of the visitors went over the building and were delighted at the general home-like appearance and comfort everywhere apparent. The Home is in charge of Brigadier Holman, assisted by Captain Lovell, Captain Fraser, and Lieutenant Glass. There is accommodation for twenty girls, and everything is provided for them free of charge. Occasionally there are some who can pay a little. The average number of young women in the Home is seventeen. Separate day and night nurseries are provided for the children. After the mothers procure situations, they can, if they wish, leave their children to be cared for at the Home by paying a small sum for their support. The new building has been opened with comparatively little debt owing to the generosity of friends, and is a proof that the value and importance of the work is appreciated.

In the name of the Field Commissioner, Mrs. Read expressed sincere gratitude to the friends of Montreal for their generous co-operation and support of the work since its inception.

A cordial vote of thanks was proposed to Dr. Reddy for his kindness in lending his professional services to the Home during past years and for his admirable chairmanship of the gathering.

Be careful to make friendship the child, and not the father, of virtue.

Dead * Broke.

Interesting Items.

Rest.

Matt. xl. 28, 29, 30.

ENSIGN KENNING, War Cry Staff.



THESE VERSES, from one of those mines of inexhaustible wealth with which the Word of God abounds, revealing, as they do, the full and complete purpose of God for man, deserve more than the cursory glance and indifferent attention so often accorded to them. Who is there of earth's sons and daughters that does not desire rest, and what is more, does not seek it? How very many seek, how comparatively few find it! It is because 'tis so hard to find, or that men seek in the wrong direction for it? The latter, surely? No child of man e'er headed that invitation, and coming to Him, who alone has rest to give, was disappointed in the coming. Yes, blessed be God, there is rest from the burden of sin, rest from its haunting fear and dread remorse.

"There is rest for the weary.
There is rest for me.
Do you, reader, know this rest?"

But rest from the burden of PAST sin is scarce the completion of God's project for man, else had there been no need for verse 28 in this chapter: "Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Here we have, in a few words, the kernel of that much-talked about, much-written-of, much-sought-for experience—HOLINESS. It is as if verse 28 were meant to finish once for all the question of past transgression, and this verse to lead us straightway into the Canaan of Promise. The former verse God does something FOR US; here we do something FOR HIM. "Take my yoke," or, in other words, bend your neck, submit to my control, accept my rule, become my willing servant, "and learn of Me." Having brought us from darkness to light, and translated us into the Kingdom of His dear Son, this is clearly His purpose, to possess the soul He has saved, and to be glorified by its life. "He gave Himself that He might purify unto Himself a people for His own possession." (THUS B. H. R. V.) We become learners in a new school, with new lessons and a new Teacher. Would we be taught in His school? We must accept His discipline. "Take my yoke," Seeker after this heavenly rest, have you taken this step? If you have, then you have entered into His school. If not, then submit yourself now to surrender all! all! all! "Take My yoke upon you," your Master says.

"Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart." In this school of holiness the pattern, the embodiment of all His teachings, an example of what the pupils are to be and to do. How many have looked round to fellow learners, thus to the Master, to their books than to the Teacher. As if to forewarn us against this evil He knew would beset us, viz., that of looking to others for our example. He says, "LEARN OF ME, I am meek and lowly in heart." Say not, reader, that this task is impossible of accomplishment. His very command to "learn" speaks the possibility of your being able to do. Heed that learned this of HIM, there had not been any graces or ill-feeling in thy heart against a soul on earth. Pride, vanity, self glorification, are foreign to this meek and humble spirit. But you say, "I have accepted His yoke, my all is surrendered. I know I am in His school, and yet I am not satisfied." Think not to learn the whole lesson at once. Remember your childish school-days, when the plainer and straight lines and books, study closely the Master; be much alone with Him, comparing thyself with Himself, not another self—in all things obeying Him, mastering each lesson as 'tis given. (1 Pet. ii. 2, and Eph. iv. 15, 16).

"Ye shall find rest unto your souls." This rest, then, is not as the rest that is given to the weary and heavy laden in verse 28, but comes as a result of the bearing the yoke, learning from Him; rest from struggle and inward strife, rest from perplexities arising from division of purpose and interests, rest from "care of what men may say," rest from the feeling of "your meat and drink to do His will," rest in His love, His power, the sunshine of His presence rest in your souls. But, do not remember! No yoke—no learning of Him—no soul rest!

Fight your way through in Heaven.
BRIGADIER READ.
— I — I —
Whatever else is said of us, let it be said that we are a spiritual people.
MRS. BRIGADIER READ.

London's population increases by about seventy thousand every year.

It is calculated that the earth weighs about 6,000,000,000,000 tons.

The average cost of criminal prosecutions in England at present is £33 each.

Spain has a population of 17,500,000, of which number 1,000,000 cannot read or write.

The fire-brigade of London is called out more frequently on Saturday than on any other day of the week.

The telephone which extends over the longest route is that between Boston and St. Louis, a distance of 1,400 miles.

In Melbourne a woman gets twopenny-happiness for making a shirt, while a Chinaman gets happiness for washing it.

It is computed that there are enough paupers in Great Britain to form, four abreast, a procession over 120 miles in length.

In every school in Paris, there is a restaurant, where free meals are served to the children who are too poor to pay for them.

The average number of novels issued

BY MAILAH.

CHAPTER II.

"WOT CHIEF, MOTHER? WY, 'ow my tenement-a-boy if this bloomin' old mother o' mine ain't frettin' like a rain cat? A scabbed and scaped head was thrust out of a rough round towel, the good-natured grin on the beathered countenance of which was changing into a look of unfeigned concern.

"Wot's up, mother?"

"Ah, Sam, my boy, I was just thinkin' o' you comin' in like that, tossin' yer cap an' bustin' in on me as if your forin was made o' the time yer got yer first nigger hair."

"Well, an' wot's better'n makin' your forin—gettin' spilled, ain't it, mother, to a slap up donah like my Solly? WY, don't yer know I'm comin' off next week, ole gal? It's chup ain't to lose 'is cap a week before that even, wen is 'e to— that's wot I'd like ter know? Anyhow, there's nothin' to fret over; is there, now?"

black curly hair, a pair of black eyes of her own—this was Solly.

"Hullo, Solly! Wot cheer?" inquired Sam, coming around the door. Her presence had evidently dissipated my gloomy thoughts; he might have had, for his face was a study of broad grins. "Noo 'at, Sam! my 'ere, can't some people do it?"

"An' now you go long an' if you never see it before, didn't I take yer to look at it at Mrs. Wench's the milliner's wen I was parin' for it—eightpence a week? Five weeks it took me to get that 'at—'tain't so bad, are it?"—and Solly peered into a bit of cracked looking-glass on a shelf. "Little Peter, 'e couldn't go to sleep for lookin' at it. He kep' callin' me back as 'I was comin' out. Let's see another look, Solly?" he says; an' you're grand; you're like a princess—jest the very same."

"Vay wouldn't 'at, Solly—ain't it?"

"Vay? I thought I'd jest walk out in it tonight fer ter try it. 'Tready, Sam?"

"Oh—ah!" and Sam pulled on a brown cord coat, bade his mother "So long!"

WILL SHE ACCEPT THE BRIBE?



THE DRINK DEVIL.—All this will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and serve me. A prominent member of the Licensed Victuallers' Association stated that they intended to celebrate Bismarck's birthday in the coming jubilee campaign, and that special stress would be laid upon the loss of revenue. (Illustrated Press Dispatch)

A Cartoon from the Temple Quarterly.

and proudly armed his companion down the court in which they lived. The women standing at their doors eyed Solly's "nose" with a mixture of admiration and envy as the two went by.

The mother, left alone, sat silent beside the mantle. She had evidently got a touch of what Sam called the "moons-cottles." Her grey head was bent; her hands clutched her coarse apron; the lines on the wrinkled face looked deeper. She muttered: "WY should I grudge 'im 'is bit o' 'appines? 'Taint too much 'e 'ave through life, poor boy. Ah! it's the 'ard times that's comin' in that makes me fret; my poor Sam!"

She lifted her head and gazed at the houses packed together through the court, and crowded with poverty-stricken people from roof to cellar. She looked into the court itself, and her eye fell on half-a-dozen hungry children quarrelling over some cabbage stalks and refuse in the gutter, as dogs might quarrel over a bone.

"God's earth ain't big enuf!" she said bitterly; "here don't seem room to live or breathe, or git the poorest livin'. Ah! my poor, poor boy! 'Taint for me to know wot's before yer, an' 'taint it wot I'll do; but it's sure to be hard—bitter, bitter hard!"

(To be continued).

God wants us to find out that happiness does not come by getting, but by giving.



"Wot's Boker 'in Makin' Your Fortin—Gettin' Spliced, ain't it?"

For a minute or two the beathered head went spluttering under the tap, then ducked back into the folds of the round towel, and the conversation went on in smothered tones.

"As ter my gettin' that place—little general shop in Market Street yer mean. My Solly, mother, 'yo remember wot a blow-out o' yer and me, an' 'aters we 'ad that night you an' me, Solly and the young ones? Lor! I thought them young ones' would 'at bust right off the wall. It did go off well, though, that little do—didn't it, mother? We enjoyed ourselves proper, didn't us? Lor, 'ow we larfed! If it wasn't for you gals' inter the high strakes, an' then gettin' a bit of the mud-cottles, an' Solly's baby grabbin' one o' them 'erins' backbones arter it was piked, an' goin' to 'is 'ishpup, an' wot to be stooped upside down an' put under the yard pump, an' goin' black an' green an' all colours 'fore he choked it up, that 'ad a bin the best little do we'd ever 'ad."

"Ar, the baby?" Sam's mother spoke absently. "Little Peter? Somewh' he's pained through, though he's a bit 'thin in the face, and weakish in the legs. She was a good sister to 'is, was Solly. Well, wot, I'll cradle you 'ere out o' 'appiness, my boy; Lor! larld!"

"Well, but wot yer frettin' fer, mother? You're don't worry wot with the mole, ain't yer? An' donny an' Joe are growed up an' of your 'ands. 'Taint that ye'd be any wuss off, are it, mother? Corse, if I thought that there—"

"Lor, no, boy; I'm all right. It's yer-self I was thinkin' about. But there? I don't want to spile yer bit o' 'appines, so I won't say nothin' more o' Bless yer 'ari, Sam, since you bought me the mangle out o' your bit o' savin', I ken act in the chair of an evenin' an' never 'ave so much as a worritin' thought of the works—not one worritin' thought. No, Sam, my boy, you did morn the right thing for your poor old mother, that you did. I'll allow any that of yer—you bin a good boy to me."

"An' wot o' that? I ain't 'ad no sort o' mother love, 'e? She never worked 'er bones to the skin an' saved every an' lot to keep us in a bit of food, did she? Oh, no; not at all! But, mother, I—Sam was thoughtfully pulling his bit of whisker, and absently contemplating Mr. Trolop, the boot-mender across the way—"I'm savin' fifteen shillin' a week, an' Solly's gettin' six at the match factory—that's twenty-three shillin' a week in a week out. That ain't so dusty—are it, mother? An' it can't be Solly yer worritin' about! She's a straight up and down gal like my Solly."

"No, I ain't quarrellin' with yer child, Sam—Solly's a good gal, an' a 'ard-workin' gal—bit, Sam, my boy, wen there's anythin' like young 'uns fer feed instead o' you two poor old folks—"

"Whisht, mother!—if 'ere ain't Solly 'ere."

A big but trimmed heavily with cheap military, a red dress, a white apron, jet-

tion, Ernest, Bertie and Myrtle Pugh, Flo, Aubrey and Eva Clare, were the performers, and light well did they through their exercises.

It was admitted by Staff and Field Officers, and everybody, that it was a real treat, and very helpful. We trust Officers will go back to their Corps to put the same into practice.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT was supported by Mrs. WEDNESDAY NIGHT was a great treat. Major Eugene married Madeline Pearson and Dora Hardy under the Flag. A great crowd of people witnessed the ceremony. We finished up with great united consecration meeting, and a Provincial Officer committed to God the Officers, both Staff and Field, and the Flag, and sent them back to their different appointments with His blessing.

Major Eugene was supported by Mrs. Eugene, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Gage, and although the counsels are now a thing of the past, we believe their influence will have a long life in the memories of the Officers.

GOD BLESS THE EASTERN PRODUCE TOURS in the field.

ROBIN RED-BREAST.

COSMOPOLITAN NEWS ITEMS.

BRIGHT AND BRIEF FOR BUSY READERS.

SUCCESSFUL anniversary meetings have been held in Denmark. • • • MAJOR TAYLOR has been appointed Social Secretary for Australia. • • • ENSIGN KENNING has been transferred from India to the United States. • • •

DOCT 150 Cadets have just entered the Military Training Home for the May Session. • • • THE tour in South Africa for Self-Defence is, up to the present, £2,801. • • •

MAJOR and Mrs. Gifford, from the United States, are on their way to England for a short tour. • • • COMMISSIONER HARRIS is on tour in the Midlands of Africa. He expects soon to go to Mashonaland. • • •

ADJUTANT WIDGEBY is pushing on in British Guinea, strong in faith in the reinforcements, now appearing. • • • FINLAND'S EASTERN aspect has been well responded to, the unusual result being a considerable increase on that point. • • •

HILDAUER HOWE is enthusiastically welcomed in Africa. Most enthusiastically welcomed. • • • MAJOR DEAN is promoted Brigadier, and takes an important appointment on the British Training Home Staff, under Commissioner Rees. • • •

NEHEMIAH HOFER, of Australia, has been promoted to the rank of Brigadier and become the Colony leader of South Australia. • • • Colonel KILPATRICK has gone with the General to Westland, Commanding the 1st Division, and is being prevented by pressure of work. • • •

NINETY young people were intermarried during the Chief's Sunday at Glasgow, sixty-eight of them being new arrivals. Five were accepted on the spot. • • •

COLONEL BARKER has received an invitation to meet the members of the drink traffic amongst the native races. • • • STAFF-CAPTAIN WEDFORD, of the Home Office Cavalry Department, is appointed J. B. Secretary to the Scotland Province. He served a week after the general change. • • •

COMMISSIONER MCKIE has had return of his old complaint, rheumatism, but hopes to be sufficiently recovered to be able to conduct his Midland tour. • • •

STAFF-CAPTAIN LUDGATE has broken in record by accomplishing the feat of making in a meeting at New York, fifty songs in fifty-seven and three-quarter minutes. • • •

IN COUNCIL, sixty Indian and German Officers and units of Greater New York, and the Lieutenant-Colonel Hols, on May 21. • • •

A LEGAL VICTORY has been secured by Lieut.-Col. Provost, a member of the Chinese, for the discomfiture of our own air rights. • • •

NBIGN GOONABATKALIA, the Indian leader, has travelled from the State of Join. Major Deva, Superintendent of the London, England. • • •

EWMAN'S CHURCH was far too small for the crowd of Washingtonians who wanted to hear the Council in person. • • •

CHICAGO'S No. 3127, supplied during the last four months 24,472 loaves, 22,419 meals, and gave employment to 277 poor men. • • •

NBIGN DE GAIS is behind the bars in Phoenixville Prison for slugging a man on the street. • • •

THE TUBERMENT fell off the wall at New Britain, some believe having been under the floor. No serious damage done to any one, think God!

FIELD COMMISSIONER

MISS BOOTH

THE FAMOUS STAFF BRASS BAND

BRANTFORD (Wycliffe Hall), July 1
INGERSOLL, July 2
LONDON, July 3, 4, 5
STAFFORD, July 6
GALT, July 7

GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS -

CAPTAIN WYNN, of Collingwood, to be Ensign.

CAPTAIN WAKEFIELD, of Winnipeg, to be Ensign.

LIEUTENANT FRAZER, Winnipeg, to be Captain.

CADET BRANDSER, Winnipeg, Training Garrison, to be Lieutenant at Lethbridge, N. D.

CADET LLOYD, Winnipeg, Training Garrison, to be Lieutenant Regina, N. W. T.

CADET McLEAN, Winnipeg, to be Lieutenant Oakes, N. D.

MARRIED -

At St. John, N. B., June 2nd, by Major Fugmore, Captain P. Parsons, of Fairville, N. B., to Captain Hady, of Springfield.

At St. Catharines, Ont., June 7th, by Brigadier Read, Ensign Altwell, of St. Catharines, to Captain Frink, of Woodstock, Ont.

EVANGELINE C. ROOTH,
Commissioner.

WAR CRY

BRIGADIER AND MRS. READ'S
INSTALLATION.

FROM all directions the advent of Brigadier and Mrs. Read to the Central has been greeted with enthusiasm. The Officers and Soldiers of the Province seem to be a unit in their love for and confidence in their new leaders. The top crest of the wave was reached at the installation in the Temple, when, after awhile the people rallied about the disappointment of the Chief Secretary's absence and finished in a spirit of united and melting conservatism to the War.

OUR JUBILEE PROGRAMME.

PREPARATIONS for the carrying out of the plans detailed in our last issue are pushing ahead. Some are already set on foot and have been received with the utmost interest and enthusiasm by the Territorial troops. While set on a scale which involves the laying aside of all other effort to secure the particular end in view, the Field Commissioner's scheme is one which in every item is not only intensely practical, but capable of great future development; so that in years to come this Territory shall look back upon this Jubilee as our commemoration of the Jubilee Year.

THE MONTREAL JUBILEE HOME.

OUR MONTREAL Industrial Home has a record for past usefulness which is the best of guarantees for a future of exceeding blessing. The hours given to the epidemic are more than plentiful. "Five hundred" rescued since the Home's opening is a figure easily said, but those figures are present fact, tears and countless uncountable of Christian Officers, without which such a total could never have been reached—represent the thanksgiving of hundreds of blood-washed hearts, of right spirits renewed, changed lives, of broken homes and broken-hearted parents made whole and happy once more. Such a history of blessing cannot but inspire faith for increased recognition from God of the work in its most beautiful scene of labor on St. Antoine Street.

The recommendation of the House work to the consideration of the Government for financial assistance marks a progress in Montreal, where our successes have often been achieved under special difficulties, which will give our Army work additional vigour all over the city. There has never been a time when our Social work has been better known and appreciated there than at the present. There seems every reason to believe that this progression is a step to the actual recognition of our work in an official and substantial way.

dated there than at the present. There seems every reason to believe that this progression is a step to the actual recognition of our work in an official and substantial way.

WEST ONTARIO

We welcome Major & Mrs. Southall

ROYALLY AND LOYALLY.

Major and Mrs. Southall have been received in London with most hearty expressions of love and confidence, and great enthusiasm. In a despatch to his Officers, the Major says:

"After a very trying journey of nearly two thousand five hundred miles, arrived at London. I cannot express the gratitude we feel for the beautiful expressions of welcome that have greeted us on every hand. We feel as though we have been here some time, and were already acquainted. Our welcome meeting last night was one of the greatest surprises of my experience. What I stated there in response, I repeat in this letter: 'That by God's grace, the love and confidence which has been so abundantly manifested towards us shall not be found to have been misplaced.' Our supreme desire is to be a help to you in your efforts for the advancement of God's cause. We shall be glad to embrace the first opportunity of paying you a visit, and trust that our meeting each other from time to time may prove a source of mutual benefit and blessing."

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER

The Garden City.

[TELEGRAM]

St. Catharines shaken. Marvellous crowd in Opera House Sunday afternoon. Commissioner's address cutting, piercing, and powerful. Over forty dollars collection. Repetition of crowd at night. Our devoted leader weak but pursuing. In spite of physical strain she kept at the guns. Forced eternal truths on all. Tears, sighs, and conviction among sinners. The devil contested every inch of ground. People who never before attended Army meetings came to see and hear Miss Booth. The whole city welcomed her. T. H. Q. String Band rendered sweet and helpful music. Willie's soloing captivated. Mrs. Brigadier Read, Major and Mrs. Gaskin and Staff-Captain Minnie with assisted during campaign. Newspapers on Army's side. Record breaking week-end. Three souls.

J. READ, Brigadier.

Love and Loyalty
FROM
The Far West.

AN INSPIRING MESSAGE WIRED BY THE STAGNANT WARRIORS
OF THE PACIFIC TO

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER.

SPOKANE,
June 9th, '97.

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER:

Soldiers and Officers Spokane Corps assembled Welcome Council send greetings, pledge continued loyalty to Flag. Thousand thanks your appointment Brigadier and Chancellor. Delighted, Mighty achievements future. Rejoiced announcement expected visit yourself. Rely on us your Western troops.

ENSIGN BARNES.

Now, as the summer is on us, let us lighten up our armor, take a firmer grip on the sword, and with unswerving confidence in each other, as well as an implicit trust in God, let us go forward. Greater and grander conquests lie just ahead of us, precious trophies are among the spoil within our reach, that may glorify God in the eyes of the world, and bring fresh honors to the old flag. Oh, for a glorious move right along the whole line! Oh, for a mighty charge that may cause consternation in hell! Oh, for a mighty summer campaign that shall cause Angels to rejoice! Shall we do it? The expressions of love, loyalty and determination we have already received seem to furnish the answer—"YES, WILL!"

Mrs. Southall joins me in Salvation greetings, and we pray God may abundantly crown your efforts with His blessing.

Yours affectionately,
J. F. SOUTHWALL,
Major.

A lock of Napoleon's hair sold in London for £20.

Figures just compiled by the Statistical Society give the amount of money in the savings banks and similar institutions of the world at \$1,000,000,000. The United Kingdom has \$237,000,000 laid away in small savings.

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER

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[TELEGRAM]

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J. READ, Brigadier.

One pound of burning requires ten pounds of common sense to apply it.—Peculiar Proverb.

Adjutant Arkell says the foundation of the new Barracks at St. Thomas has not yet been laid, the building, therefore, is not "well on towards completion," as we were informed.

WEST ONTARIO TENT BRIGADE. After a very successful series of manoeuvres at Guelph, they started in on the 24th at Berlin for ten days' camp meetings, to be held in Snyder's barn.

That old Indian veteran, Captain Stedler.

Prattling House all week and throws his energies into War Cry work in spare time.

Brigadier Complin and Ensign Keating went over the Model Farm at Guelph during their visit to the Royal City. The beauty of the surroundings was only equalled by the kind courtesy of all they met and conversed with.

Private Stewart, of "D" Company, 4th Highlanders, in earlier in the company of the Sheldrake Company, Toronto has secured the "Rugby" prize against all comers in the bayonet vs. bayonet competition at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Kingston.

At last—Adjutant (Sammy) Harkness, the only archangel, positively, on June 25th, at Kingston, in the 3 A. Barracks of COIRSE, takes into himself a wife. May prosperity abide with the happy couple. Who is she? Why—Lieutenant Keating's sister.

Lieutenant Patton, of Paris tells of two sisters who were expected to attend the wearing of uniform, and both agreed to wear the uniform in the spring. One of them was taken ill, and died; the other is keeping her promise.

Mrs. Brigadier Read met about twenty Officers at Montreal recently, and from all accounts a most enjoyable time was spent. In connection with the two they set down to, Captain Jack Wilson receives honorable mention.

Brigadier Read and his aides "banned" the Commissioner's visit to St. Catharines. The three papers, "Star," "Journal" and "Standard" each contained a sketch of the Commissioner's life, and also a cut of the Commissioner himself.

The American Tobacco Company has been prohibited from conducting its business in the State of Illinois by a recent decision of Judge (Hobbs), who held that the company was a trust and under the laws of that State could not do business there.

Despite the fact that the summer is on the South-Saving is reported as keeping up well. For week ending May 24th, the following are reported: London and Galt, 5 each; Chatham, Hespeler and Galt, 4 each; Ingersoll, 3; Watkinson, Stratford and Berlin, 2 each. Total, 36.

Ensign Keating returned to Toronto after the visit to Hamilton non-what altered in appearance. He handed wearing a slouch hat of very uncertain age. Made out by a sympathetic fellow-soldier. His own brand new hat floated calmly on the gently heaving bosom of the Bay.

SOUL-SAVING IN WEST ONTARIO. This week has again been a good one in the point of soul-saving. The large number of the greatest number were Brantford, 4; Ingersoll, 5; Chatham, 5; Watkinson, Galt, Clinton and Woodstock, 3 each; Stratford and Galt, 2 each. Total for week, 42.

Mrs. Staff-Captain Hargrave wears a white band around her head in place of the ordinary red ribbon as a mourning sign for the loss of a sister, recently. The black-driver who conveyed her with Mrs. Complin to the St. Catharines officers' quarters recently, thought it meant some thing very different, for, referring to the approaching wedding of the brave Altwell, he queried, "Are you the bride?"

Adjutant Magee says: "We are very sorry to lose our Chancellor, Staff-Captain Hargrave. His straight-forward, transparent, up and above-board, common-sense, business-like Salvation Army way of doing things has won the love and admiration of the people down this way. God bless him and Mrs. H. and family. We welcome Staff-Captain Hargrave and pledge ourselves to stand by our Commissioner and General in the light."

THE GREAT EVENT

Of June 25th is drawing near. THE PAVILION will be the scene of the marriage of

ADJUTANT PEASE

AND

ADJUTANT STANYON

CONDUCTED BY

The Field Commissioner.



THE SUN WAS SHINING

By the water was a nice breeze was blowing enough to make things fresh. A steamer Macossa went on across the lake to Hamilton. At the time, the Staff Band disembarked, both from the brass instruments, much to the discomfort of the passengers, while the shuffling of the Salvation songs brought the eyes of more than one passer-by. But we arrived at Hamilton. Adjutant McLean and Sam I. made a host of excited people. The Commissioner, who had by train, had safely arrived over quarters. What a bustle he sure, with

Bags, Valises, Instruments at

Sale of the handmen, who their wheels, rode straight on, cranked, their flanking secured, treating great attention. The of the party, with the baggage, the "Triumph" wagon, on flying at the head, and hugging the sides, we made the Church. By this time it was

The drum hooped—this was "Quick march!" says Ensign, and then, the band playing, marched out for the church, and a great time they had. The inside meeting hall, noticed as a Musical Festival, called by the General. The handmen gave a very good themselves, the singing, I speaking being greatly appreciated. Ensign, Staff-Captain, wound up with a straight Sh and a short prayer meeting.

A goodly number gathered on Sunday morning, which Staff-Captain Minnie. The C not being quite equal to the three huge meetings, was only for the afternoon and night. kin, therefore, conducted a Meeting, which was well attended a real spiritual time, several delicate "rail" surrenders.

Sunday Afternoon

A tremendously raucous and splendid open-air meeting at preceded the afternoon, the playing of the Band attracted considerable comment.

It was a great crowd that Field Commissioner with his valises (filling the Grand C in every unit but the top seat) as she entered the thoroughly representative classes of Hamilton citizens through the blood of the Law, which was the opening note, and commented upon by the speaker. Staff-Captain M. Mrs. Major Gaskin voiced in tender, confident, earnest desire, then "Glory" Keating, wonderful love, and while the glorious sang the chorus of again.

The Glory Got into Both

Of quite a few of the Officers especially those of the Hamilton. The Staff Band maintained reputation by playing while was being taken.

Then followed the introduction of Commissioner's four adopted. These hearty Hamiltonians ended the fact that one of was Canadian. Fear and "White robes," and "You've burden," and as these two were over their daily sinners' sweeteners, the audience for with delight, laughing out

hearing requires you
on some to apply it.

says the foundation of
at St. Thomas has not
building, therefore, is
in completion," as we

TO TENT BRIGADE,
cessful series of meet-
they started in on the
ten days' camp meet-
Baylor's Bush.

Veteran, Captain Stal-

works at the
it work and throws his
in city work in spare

in and English Kennel
fel Farm at Guelph dur-
the Royal City. The bene-
efforts was only equalled
rest of all they met and

of "11" Company, has
writer in the employ of
Company. Toronto has re-
prize against all com-
ers, beyond competition
cultural Hall, Kingston.
nt (Sammy) Blackburn,
positively, on June 28,
he S. A. Barracks, 20
was killed a wife, May
with the happy couple,
by—demonstrated.

on, of Paris, hills of two
to be excited about the
um, and both moved to
in the spring. One of
ill, and died; the other
died.

found met about twenty
and recently, and from all
t enjoyable time was
than with the two re-
ation Jack Wilson re-
tation.

and his sister, "bought"
s visit to St. Catharines.
sisters, "Star," "Joanna"
sister, "Joanna" such
sister's life, and also a cut
her herself.

Tobacco Company has
been conducting its busi-
ness in Illinois by a recent
Chilman, who had that
a trust and under the
e could not do business

that the summer is on
interest in keeping in
the old day 20th, the fol-
lowing: London and Guelph,
s, Rochester and Galt, 4
s, Walkerton, Stratford
s, Total, 28.

returned to Toronto
Hamilton somewhat de-
pressed. He had been wear-
ing uncertain, and, badly
in the morning, it
but floated rainily on
a bosom of the Bay.

IN WEST ONTARIO,
Hamilton been a good one in
serving. The Corps re-
cent number were from
s, 5; Chatham, 5; Wal-
kerton and Windsor,
and Galt, 2 each. Total

Mr. Hargrave wears a
d her bonnet in place of
ribbon as a mourning
of a sister, recently. The
undressed her with Mrs.
St. Catharines' Officers
thought it meant some-
thing, for referring to the
thing of the heavy air
"Are you the bride?"

she says: "We are very
Chancellor, Staff-Cap-
tain."

The straight-forward
ment above board, com-
less-like Salvation Army
lives has won the love
of the people down this
him and Mrs. H. and
time Staff-Captain have
themselves to stand by in
General in the night.

EAT EVENT

South is drawing
PAVILION
the scene of the
of

T PEASE
AND
ANT STANYON

Commissioner.



THE SUN WAS SHINING brilliant-ly. The water was quite smooth—a nice breeze was blowing, just enough to make things fresh, as the good steamer Macassa went on her journey across the lake to Hamilton. To improve the time, the Staff Band discoursed sweet music, both from the brass and stringed instruments, much to the delight of the passengers, while the singing of some of the Salvation songs brought tears to the eyes of more than one passenger.

Just as we arrived at Hamilton, to find Adjutant McLaren and Sam Landers, and quite a host of excited people to meet us. The Commissioner, who had come down by train, had safely arrived at the Officers' quarters. What a hustle it was, to be sure, with

Bags, Valises, Instruments and Children.

Some of the ladies, who had brought their wheels, rode straight off to the barracks, their flaming scarlet uniform attracting great attention. The remainder of the party, with the baggage, jumped to the "Triumph" wagon, and with their lying at the head, and their announcements on the sides, we made our way to the wharf. By this time it was 3:30 p.m. The drum boomed—there were four—“quick march!” says Gordon Kensing, and then, the band playing splendidly, marched out for the open-air meeting, and a great time they had. Crowds followed. The inside meeting had been announced as a Musical Festival. This was edited by the Tenet Secretary. The Bandmen gave a very good account of themselves, the singing, playing and speaking being greatly appreciated by the large audience. Staff-Captain Minnie wound up with a straight Salvation talk, and a short prayer meeting.

A goodly number gathered for knee-drill on Sunday morning, which was led by Staff-Captain Minnie. The Commissioner not being quite equal to the strain of three huge meetings, was only announced for the afternoon and night. Mr. Landers, therefore, conducted the Business Meeting, which was well attended, and was a real spiritual tonic, resulting in several definite “full surrenders.”

Sunday Afternoon.

A tremendously rowdy band and a splendid open-air meeting at the City Hall preceded the afternoon meeting. The playing of the Band attracted much favourable comment.

It was a great crowd that greeted the Staff Commissioner with hearty, cheering volleys (filling the Grand Opera House in every part but the topmost tier of seats) as she entered the building—a thoroughly representative gathering of all classes of Hamilton citizens. “Lord, through the Blood of the Lamb that was slain” was the opening song, lined out and commented upon by the Field Commissioner. Staff-Captain Minnie and Mrs. Major Gustin voiced our petitions in tender, confident expressions of heart desire, then “Glory” Kensing joined “Oh, wonderful love,” and while the huge congregation sang the chorus over and over again.

The Glory Got into Both Hands and Feet

Of quite a few of the Officers and Sub-lieutenants, especially those of the Bandmaster school. The Staff Band maintained their reputation by playing while the offering was being taken.

Then followed the introduction of the Commissioner's four adopted children. These hearty Hamiltonians duly appreciated the fact that one of the quartette was Canadian. Pearl and Vivian sang “White robes,” and “You’ve carried your burden,” and as these two tiny warriors hoped out their baby names with touching sweetness, the audience fairly heaved with delight, laughing and crying and

clapping their hands alternately, with joy and satisfaction. God spoke loudly through those childish voices, and carried the tender strains of “You’ve carried your burden” to many hearts. “Ah!” said the Commissioner, “there are many laden hearts here. Why don’t you cast your cares on Jesus? He only can carry them.”

The Commissioner then came forward, hid in hand, and after reading a few verses, commenced a most effective telling address. How that crowd “hung on” her words as she vividly depicted the various scenes, when Christ gave sight to the blind and caused the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak. A beautiful description of the woman having an issue of blood, pressing her way to Christ, touching the hem of His garment, and being healed. Blatantly she pictured God’s masterpiece of creation, drawing most forcible lessons from nature and science, and then spoke of God’s wonderful ability in creating man in His own image.

“Yes,” said the Commissioner, “the Almighty has not expended all His energy yet. His arm has more strength in it than has yet been revealed. God has reserved some of His power and wisdom. He has not done all He can or will do. He has a great deal more blue than that seen in the sky, and much more green than emerald the hillsides,” cried the Commissioner. “He stretches forth an Almighty Arm, and the strength of that Arm is on the side of the good, but it is against the wrong. Men fight against God—He a puny arm to battle with the Almighty, and then find at the end of life that they have lost their souls. What can make up for that loss? Nothing! In thrilling, impassioned tones, the commis-

sioner pleaded with the audience. God is strong, yet tender, forgiving, loving. He will save—come now.” For sixty-three minutes our beloved leader held her hearers by a

Straightforward, Plain, Understandable exposition of the truth of God. It was truly a marvelous meeting.

Sunday Night.

The crowd that massed around the open-air ring on Sunday night, was simply superb. Never has it been my privilege to see such a huge throng of eager, interested listeners in Canada before. It was a splendid sight, and how they drank in the words of life. The streets were simply lined with people as the march swept along to the Grand Opera House. Inside, another great audience was already seated, while others were rapidly passing in. It would be impossible for me to report that meeting as it ought to be reported, so I will only attempt a brief description.

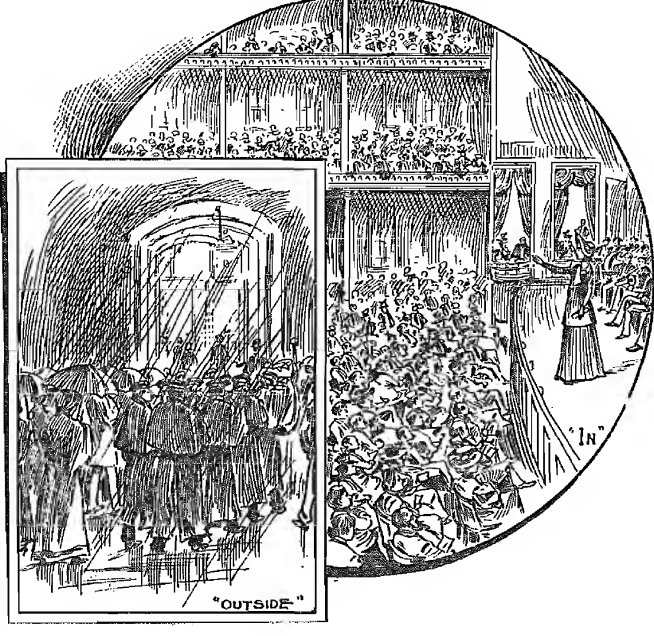
After the singing of that old song, “Will you go?” Adjutant Pease fervently and tenderly pleaded for God’s blessing. “And while we are yet speaking, Tithen will answer,” was never more blessedly true, for God drew divinely near, and a solemn silence came over the crowd, interrupted only by the fervent responses from the Officers and Soldiers. Softly—placidly, so though coming through the gates of Heaven itself, rose the sweet strains of “Hallelujah” played skillfully upon the stringed instruments by the consecrated fingers of the Band. Then

Softly Swelling in Song Waves

was heard from the platform. “See from His head, His hands, His feet.” The congregation caught the words, and the strains gathering tenderness and strength rolled over that entire building, and as “Oh, let me kiss Thy bleeding feet” was also sung to the same tune, the whole audience was melted down with holy feeling. Kensing Kensing prayed—God was at hand—the Holy Ghost moved.

Rising from our knees, but song, “Then wouldst be saved,” the refrain being repeated over and over. The Band then rendered “Crowned with thorns,” while the collection was being taken up. In such a praiseworthy manner, that the congregation forgot for the moment, and broke out into a hearty clap as the last strains died away, and yet the deep spiritual feeling of that meeting was not destroyed in the least.

“Ere the sun goes down,” was sung, and then the Commissioner, Bible in hand, with flashing eye and a countenance full of holy light, gripped that crowd and brought them face to face with eternal, divine realities. The Gospel trumpet gave forth no uncertain sound. God’s voice was heard in that message. Truly inspired—never has our leader been heard to greater advantage—as weak, yet strong, she thrilled that audience with her burning, fiery eloquence. The Holy Ghost was in every utterance. “Men had tried to destroy God’s Word,” said she, “but the preservation of the Bible was a true mark of His inspiration. Ah!” cried the Commissioner, “by the cruelest brutalities that Hell could devise, or devils plan, they have tried to blot out the Word of God—tried to drag it out by putting Christ’s servants to the cruel rack; tried to de-



voir it in the hungry jaws of an angry lion; heaped up martyr's lives and tried to burn it and its followers at the stake, and tried even to drown it in rivers of human blood. But, no, it cannot be done. "The Word of the Lord endureth forever." Beautifully pathetic was her description of the martyrdom of Ridley and his friends, and then she told how John Bradford rejoiced on the eve of his cruel death by praying and singing upon his bed, saying he was going to see the Master in the morning. "And," cried the Commissioner, "putting the right foot on—He will never leave thee—and the left foot firmly on—And the fires shall not destroy thee—he went up to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb—in a fiery chariot. Do not let the devil deceive you. God has made the way to Heaven so easy, and the way to hell so hard. Adam and Eve were in bliss in Paradise when they were ignorant of sin, but hearing the tempter's voice, they truly obtained wisdom—SUCH wisdom, and with it pain, anguish, sorrow and death. Did you know to God—thence them down from the heights of bliss to depths of woe.

I Want to Talk to You Tenderly.

(And she did.) Is disobedience to God written across your sky—blotting out the light of Heaven? or has any one here done what Judas did—betrayed your Master—or, like Pilate, have you sold your precious Christ because of cowardice. Thank God, thousands have gone down to the Jordan "faithful unto death," and gone up the shining gates to the Kingdom City in white robes to live with Him forever. Shall you? You may if you will. He will blot out your sin if you will let Him. The Commissioner sat down, wearied with her effort. The General Secretary took hold of the prayer-meeting. Song and prayer followed each other in quick succession. The Commissioner rose again and manipulated her concertina. The Officers prayed. "And yet I will thy sin blot out," rang out "hallelujahs." Over and over the chorus was repeated. A young man came light from the back, making number two. The conversation was deep, and although the hour was late, we had the joy of seeing another come to the Mercy Seat.

The Commissioner Took the Reins

for a few minutes, and we sang, "You may be cleansed from every stain." More prayer and singing, and we finished up with "Praise God, I am saved." The benediction was pronounced, and we went home glad in heart for a remarkable day of blessing and victory.

All day long on Monday had the rain been pouring down in torrents, and as the hours went by, it seemed to get worse instead of better. However, Salvationists do not believe in wasting time, and the walling ours had been improved in various ways—the String Band having two practices, the children a rehearsal of their drills.

At last seven o'clock came, with rain still coming down in streams. Faith, which had been my night, got a very nice whiffing, and there were quite a few who kept hopeful and bright. At 7:45 the Band marched from the Citadel (in the beautiful stream) to the Opera House. The Field Commissioner and children followed a few minutes later.

The Crowd was an Astonisher!

The building was nicely filled, except the top gallery, and every one seemed bent on having a good time—and a glorious one we had.

"Thank God we are out of the wet," shouted Major Gaskin, commencing the meeting. "Amen!" responded the Soldiers. "Victory for me!" went with a swing. Staff-Captain Munroe prayed, and "Hallelujah" rose in song prayer to the Throne.

The three Morris brothers—Adjutant, Ensign and Lieutenant, sang a trio, which was rendered in spirited fashion, and the crowd cheered so loud and long, that nothing would satisfy them until another verse had been sung. The General Secretary spoke on the advance of the work among the children, and then the Musical Drill exercises were gone through by Dot, Jai, Pearl, Willie and Eva Gaskin. The two little ones fairly brought the house down, the people were in ecstasies of delight, and the Commissioner decided to let the children do the drill again.

Staff-Captain Munroe sang, "Stand like the brave!" The String Band was a distinct success. Both playing and singing were sources of great enjoyment and profit, while the playing of the "Brass" brought a round of joyous clapping.

The children were even more charming in their second drill. Pearl and Willie sang; Dot, Jai and Eva did the dumb-bell and bar-bell exercises splendidly.

The Indian Club exercise delighted the people. Dot sang a beautiful hymn to the world, they sang, accompanied by the sweet strains of the String Band.

The event of the evening was the Commissioner's address on the "Depth of Mercy." Although it was 9:45 p. m. when the Commissioner rose to speak, no one moved. Almost breathless the crowd listened to the tender, loving words of warning,

counsel, warning and inspiration. For twenty-five minutes the people sat there,

Intensely Interested and Unwearied.

It was a truly wonderful meeting, and when the Commissioner spoke of coming back again, the people cheered and laughed with gladness. A great welcome awaits our leader at the next visit to the Ambitious City.

The Press devoted a large space to very favorably reporting the gatherings. The Hamiltonians love the Commissioner, and "no mistake."

\$165 was the amount of offerings for the last day. The week-end's meeting has marked a new epoch in the history of the Salvation Army in Hamilton. The City was moved and our Commanders cheered.

EASTERN TIT-BITS.

Sunday, July 4th, has been fixed as a "Candidates' Sunday." The Provincial Officers are asking for twenty-five new applicants. District Officers and Field Officers are expected to push this for all they are worth.

It is just possible there may be a Staff-Officers' farewell in the near "Sweet Bye-and-bye."

Bermuda (the beautiful island) may undergo a change of Officers ere long. Ensign and Mrs. Fraser are at Mrs. Fraser's home on far-forgotten nursing Mrs. F.'s dying mother. Pray for them all!

Over thirty Corps have changed Officers this last few days. We believe for good times for the Officers and Corps who have been affected by the change.

Adjutant McDonald, of the Halifax Rescue Home, has gone on a well-earned furlough.

One more addition to the Province—Houlton, M. E.—Captain F. Clark goes in command.

Brigadier Read's

OFFICERS' AND SOLDIERS' COUNCIL AT LIPPINCOTT.

(Special).

It was a blessed two hours and a half spent together with the Officers of Toronto on Tuesday, the 5th of June, in that noted little room in the basement of Lippincott Street. God was with us, and both the Brigadier and Mrs. Read very much felt the responsibility of their new position.

Staff-Captain Munroe, too, was at his best, and the Officers told out the feelings of their hearts. God knit us together. Then the Officers' Soldiers' and Friends' Council which followed at 8 p. m. was none the less enthusiastic and interesting. Though a very unfavorably wet night, yet in spite of this fact, over two hundred gathered together to meet their new Provincial Officers and Council. From the start a spirit of freedom prevailed. It was not only a happy, but a very profitable time; and the fact that ten dear comrades sought deliverance, shows that God was in the Camp. Judging from the spirit that prevailed in both these Councils, the Brigadier and Mrs. Read and Staff-Captain and Mrs. Munroe will have some glorious and triumphant times before them. May God bless and speed on the Central Ontario Province! PH.

COMING EVENTS

In the Central Ontario Province.

Sunday, June 27th—Lippincott, Toronto, (the Central Ontario Staff conduct a day of special meetings).

Monday, June 28th—Toronto Pavilion (wedding of Adjutants Pense and Stinson at 8 p. m.).

Tuesday, Toronto Temple (Great united Officers' and Soldiers' and Friends' Tea and Concert at 8 p. m.).

Thursday, July 1—Dominion Day, a Day of Days, Victoria Park (the religious vows. All City Corps unite. Two great meetings. Tea provided).

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, July 6th, 7th, 8th—Great Provincial Officers' gatherings and Councils at Hamilton (more news later).

Then look out for a typical excursion on the Lake to follow all these exuberant times.

All these gatherings will be attended by Brigadier and Mrs. Read, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Munroe, P. H. Q., City Staff and Field Officers.

NOTE—A cordial invitation is extended to all T. H. Q., Social and Rescue Staff, NOW FOR A TREAT!

The finest metal is aluminum, and its present market price is \$2900 per pound. The next nearest metal in lightness is its value per pound is \$250.

DAD SLOSS, Convict.

A STORY OF THE PRISON GATE HOME.

By CAPTAIN NIXON.

SIXTEEN OF PRISONERS' CHAIRMAN—Archie Sloss, born in Glasgow of drunken and thieving parents. At seven adopted by a gang of thieves. At fifteen a professional housebreaker. His motto: "Black nothing, black nothing." Prison experience begins at sixteen. Seven years. After three years and a half out on ticket of leave. Caught again. Seven years. Escapes from prison. Recaptured.

CHAPTER IV.

A Floating Hell.

THE GOOD SHIP "Albatross," specially chartered, lay in the Thames, off Woolwich Conduit Dock, and its purpose was to carry three hundred convicts to the Bermudas, and Archie Sloss was specially selected as one of the number.

The Bermudas are a group of about three hundred small British islands in the Atlantic, mostly barren and uninhabited, with a population to-day of fifteen thousand. The islands lie between the 30th and 40th degrees of north latitude, and in a straight line nine hundred miles east from Charleston on the east coast of North America.

When Archie was fettered in Drury Lane, he was sent before the prison directors, and sentenced to one month's diet of bread and water, six months in irons, and to wear a "caulery" suit, which was a queer mixture of yellow and black for purposes of quick identification amongst the other men, because he had shown himself to be a slippery and extraordinary criminal.

"They says, 'Alas! ye' back again,' said Archie, speaking of his reception. 'Yes,' says I, 'and I'll get away again.' 'Never,' they say. 'Never again. We'll break you in, and

Properly Tame You.

this time." "Never," said Archie. "You don't know you are talking to us. All the bread-and-water diets, and chains and floggings, and threats, and prisons and warders in the world will never tame me."

In all these words Archie spoke a great truth. In all his prison experience not a detail of the punishment ever made an impression for good upon him. He was a bred-and-born criminal, and all materialism that was tried upon him only hardened his heart and strengthened his will in the paths of vice.

The three hundred convicts who had been selected as compulsory passengers to the Bermudas were most of the lawless, desperate and hardened characters. Some of them were "filfers," and some had escaped hanging through a law or a doubt in the evidence at the trial.

Archie's association with such men only advanced him further in the book of criminality. His mind was more fixed than ever to be a house-breaker and was upon society and against all moral right.

It was seven o'clock one morning when the three hundred convicts went on board the good ship "Albatross." A strong force of sentries were on duty, with loaded muskets ready to shoot any man down who attempted to escape by diving overboard or otherwise.

The Silent System

was not in vogue in these days, and every man expressed his feelings in a very emphatic manner at being transported to an out-of-the-world place like the lonely Bermudas, beyond the reach of civilization, where "decent crimes," and "big jobs," and "likely places," and similar attractions to the criminal mind were not.

The convicts cursed everything and everybody. After exhausting the swearer's vocabulary, they cursed the English language for its dearth of words to give vent to their feelings, and some even wished for a code that was being carried away to be dumped down on an out-of-the-way corner of the earth.

There was no Salvation Army Social Scheme in those days; but, out of these three hundred convicts, four of them, after many years of rough tumbling about the world, reached the Salvation Army Prison-Gate Home in London.

Many of them died of yellow fever in the Bermudas. Some died from other causes. Some received their pardon after completing their sentences; but

the Salvation Army, with its humane and godly methods, was the means of effectually re-forming and

Changing the Lives

and characters of four convicts out of this ship-load of three hundred, and Archie Sloss was one of the missing 1.

The Salvation Army asks the world to judge its Social Work according to results, and the grand success of the Army's work among criminals ought to commend itself to all right-thinking men who have the nation's welfare at heart.

(To be Continued).

THE

THE NEW PROVINCIAL OFFICER OF THE CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE

Makes His First Official Visit to St. Catharines.

Brigadier Read, accompanied by Adjutants Munton, Hay and Brother Sims, did three days' special meetings at St. Catharines, including the wedding of Ensign Atwell and Captain Frink.

Band to the front. We marched to the open-air stand and soon had a fine audience. Brigadier asked some of the shopkeepers for the loan of a chair, and within a minute he had two, and preachers on top of them.

Kneeling, 7 a. m., twenty-three present. The topic was "Cross-bearing." Adjutant Hay said that any profession of Jesus Christ which brings no cross is all nonsense. Two souls came forward for consecration, and one sister said she had great struggles at home, and had been rather impatient with her drunken husband, but now believed that God would help her to be more sympathetic. I tell you, Adjutant Munton did shout! I was wondering if he was accustomed to kneedolls.

The Holiness Meeting at 11 a. m. was a beauty. BROTHIER SIMS, in his testimony, referred to the meaning of the word, ST. CATHARINES. He said it meant, cleansed, or pure, and quoted the text, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so he is."

BRIGADIER spoke on false prophecies, and said he sometimes met them in Army uniform, but invariably they were dangerous busy-bodies and injurious to have about. BEWARE OF THEM. Ye shall not know them by their uniform, but by their fruits.

At 3 p. m. we had a great turn-out, and marched to the park, where about four hundred people listened to us. Many were severely wounded by the sharpshooters. Brigadier spoke from the Lord Psalm, 7th verse: "But ye shall die like men, and die like one of the princes." Many shuddered when he commenced, but before he got through their smiling was turned to weeping. Adjutant Munton made a very pointed wind-up, but none would yield.

6:30 p. m. found the Brigadier having a friendly drink with the Local Officers. Each one voluntarily signed a pledge to assure the Commissioner that they would do their utmost to make his tour visit a success on the following Sunday.

Ensign Atwell, who for the past nine months has been in charge of the Corps, rose to say farewell to me, and to God. He said God had been with him during his stay in St. Catharines; he had been very anxious over the people, and still prays and urged them to come to God. He reminded them that all would meet again and would stand before God, and earnestly besought them to seek reconciliation with their Heavenly Father. Adjutant Munton read the lesson on Backsliding. The Adjutant said that Backsliders could not sing the songs of Zion from their hearts, and after giving his own experience on these lines, he urged the wanderers to come home. Brigadier pulled in the net, and after a hard struggle, five dear Juniors sought the Salvation Army, stood up on the seat, and gave their testimonies. Of course this set the Brigadier going, so he and Captain Rowe had a Newfound-land dance. A special request was now made for a collection to pay the travelling of the specials, which was made up

"It is said of one man at the Conference, that he labored for an hour to make the preachers think that he knew something. Oh, poor laborer! Are not numbers there to show him that he is wrong? He is now nothing. How shall such give an account to God? A man goes into a church with this view: 'I am determined I will make this Circuit know that I am somebody.' My dear brother, the Salvation of souls, mind, if possible, is a soul's head to be every man's labor, is of the greatest consequence."

—Wm. Bramwell.

YOUR OWN SOUL. Here is the point on which all effort revolves, and if work for God is done from a pure motive, such work is bound to be full of power.

BRIGADIER READ.

Moncton, N. B.

"Oh, the good we all days are going by!" met an old gentleman to wear an Auxiliary badge number for some time never yet attended a meeting. The Army has been a help to him. He told the Captain ago he had a child at home and white watercolor even to pass away, an Army prayer, that the child to health. The Lord and raised the child up again, man claims that the child not only saved the child, but had been a drunken man, but since he has power of God.

We had a high time Anniversary meetings Army, Moncton, N. B. conducted by Staff-Captain. Thirty-five attended Sunday, which gave the a fire broke out with burning the Holiness. Although this was out from the barracks, for a clean heart.

The Timbri of ten sisters, led on to a good stroke. We had a special number posed by one verse:

We have Sergeant M. in selling crys she's in Sisters, Hart and Cro well, And Sister Smith is n that through something these sisters born t can.

We had a wonderful afternoon, and a new when most all nations Every Comrade spoke represented, which to was the income for the

Captain and Mrs. J found a good night made farewell. Captain ment Ritchie like the for an all-round victo

SACKVILLE—Some- tain McKay, who has this Corps for some time and has been since. Captain Goodly Methersone have just although there's a lot War Cry has not be Soldier meetings not every thing will come new.

Lieutenant Hymus but he's still in Circle, and I'm sure while he has Cudet him.

Captain G. Allen are have just taken ch Corps, and with n soldiers, something the soul-saving line.

MOOSE The war is progres flare pulling together greater than his gran J.

Valley Cl Two souls since I Sanborn, a small plu other in a school-ho horn.—Lieutenant J.

MORE Captain McGill has here. In welcoming come an old warrior of God we are going L.

PARRELL We arrived here F come meetings on S attention soon. Clos souls for Salvation—

NEW God is helping. W unsaved young man live. With God a have victory.—Capt. terson.

PRINCE Asleep! I should war, and pressing Expecting great th ers. Soldiers loyal. Capt. Gibson and L.

WING Whigham in nity charge. Five souls h

we get it in the showers at this place. The boys, Mr. Best and Dr. Harvey, had the arrangements made—hair free, billets provided, and did their best to make their meetings a success. We had a beautiful time, and I hope to have a chance to see you and head-over-hills in love with those boys. Band. Thank you all for your kindnesses. May Heaven's blessing rest upon you! Love, J. C. COMPTON, D. O. HUNG, your Brother/Sister Sharp and the rest.

A very wet night, but the people came and were almost sick to death by the Museum Wonder. (Captain Hereafter!) He was a Band. And I hope to see you, Mr. Bryan, the fair-haired boy, he excelled. The Lieutenants Jones and Greene make their violin song, and Lieutenant McColl sing. The Lieutenants Jones and Greene make their love. Then who has not heard of the Lieutenant Downey, the Bandmaster? God is using her music and song to publish the name of Jesus. The darkness and sin. The more a person is in the dark, the more you love them.—J. C. COMPTON, D. O.

COMING SOON!—"SERVING POVERTY'S GREY HAIRS." A touching sketch of life amongst Toronto's poor, by A. L. P.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

Chapter VI.—Maggie Anderson's Darts.

THE PRESENCE of Maggie Anderson in the centre of the space which Salvation Army parades styles a ring had a most remarkable effect upon the crowd. So long as the leading part of these open-air attacks was confined to the Captain and Lieutenant, the rough element indulged in a free and loud use of their tongues, and the critics, with equal disdain, treated the antics of The Army as what might be expected from "half-brained ignoramus fræ th' South."

A Testimony that Petrifies.

But here was the daughter of an honored and respected citizen, as well as a devout Presbyterian Elder identifying herself, in the strongest possible manner, with this strange movement. Never did calm follow storm so suddenly as did the hush which gave place to the turbulent cries of the people when Maggie Anderson—eyes closed, head raised, and face bright with spiritual radiance—stepped forward and said, "I praise the Lord for being counted worthy to testify to God's saving grace in the streets of my native town."

Every tongue was silent and necks were craned in her direction. The little company of critics who had emerged from the back parlor of the "Hull Inn" were dumfounded. Peter Winter was petrified, and even Sam was struck with amazement.

"What's the world coming to," he gasped, "when, man, doest at 'w' draggin' religion down in th' gutter, the women take too preachin' to hevlin' mobs? Maggie Anderson," and Sam's voice here sank to a whisper, "doest your father ken o' this?" But let Maggie herself speak:

"My soul is free. I have tasted the sweets of Divine grace, and proved that the devil is not so strong as he's thought to be, when faced with the Blood of Jesus and the power of the Holy Ghost."

"To aiken me, I hanna been what is called a big sinner, nor run of the guilty multitude to do evil; but I felt the lead o' my sin ains, and had me kined at the same place where the poor drunkard and the chief o' blackguards find the mercy of the Lord." ("Hallelujah!" from the little band).

And Then Proceeds!

"Dinna be deceived, friends. He warned by me. Some trust to their knowledge, some to their strength, some to their riches, and some to their notions of the salvation that Jesus died to purchase for them. I trusted to the cheap rage o' self-righteousness to my little reading, Church-going, and good deeds, and was nae better for it 'n' than the heathen that bows to his gods. If there was any difference it was only in name and form. In reality, my heart was a stranger to the peace which springs from an assurance that your sins are washed awa'. I believed in God, but I didn't love Him. I had heart love its own bitterness. I'm tellin' you, friends, what mine wis. May I ask what yours is?"

And here Maggie Anderson was compelled to stop, for a big knot of people coming in the direction of the inn, which compelled the people to surge round the entrance.

As Maggie was pushed by the company she caught the gaze of Richard Winter. Remembering the past relations in which these young people stood, it would not have been surprising had Maggie Anderson retired among the crowd and made the interruption a reason for ending her testimony. But, no! she had a message from God, and felt that she must deliver it. As soon, then, as the vehicle passed, this brave Scottish lass, made bolder as she conquered a natural inclination to say no more, resumed:

"I'm speaking to some within the reach o' my voice who think that 'The Salvation Army is not for them. Let me tell you, friends, that that excuse canna disguise the ugly, terrible truth that you stand in mark need o' the forgiveness o' your sins than the drunkard who will re-burn to-morrow. Blessing God, and man! He cannot mak' a virtue o' his conduct; but you who ought to ken better—imagine that your character—a poor thing at the best—danna need cleansing by the blood o' th' Lamb. Oh, dinna be deceived. We're no' preachin' ourselves. We are no' heathen, nor yet men. Perhaps we were worse. But you need Christ. Without His love and mercy, there's naething but a life o' disappointment for ye, and hell at last. VV' Christ there's Heaven here and Heaven for ever. Aye, tho' very trials that purr flesh and blood are heir to canna drain the soul in despair, if Christ inhabits the heart."

The Effect!

The audience, by this time, was so silent as if they were in church, and might have remained so for an indefinite length

of time had not the Captain started the chorus:—

"He's the Lily of the Valley."

The hilarious spirit of the crowd broke out afresh, and after a brief announcement, "the devil would be exposed in the People's Hall to-night" and that "all are welcome—especially the worst"—the little Army—twelve in number—moved toward Wide Street, singing,

"We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy."

"Well, what do you think of that, Master Geddes," asked Sims, in a softer tone than usual.

"Men," said this local authority on constitutional methods, "it fairly baffles me. There's nae natural eloquence in that lassic Anderson than in a' the domineers and preachers o' th' town."

"Faah, man!" replied Sims angrily, "it's her bonnie face and fanaticism that has bamboozled ye. What think ye, Mr. Winter?"

Richard Winter's face wore an expression of pain when thus addressed. Sims was quick to discern it.

"Are you losing your manly independence of thought, Mr. Winter?" queried Sims.

"I hope not," said Mr. Winter, coolly.

"Then what do you think of that rag-tag-and-bob-tail collection?"

"Do you want my candid criticism?"

"Of course."

"Then I have never seen religion till to-night."

"Gracious me!" ejaculated the local merchant; "explain yourself."

"Why it is simply this—this is a religion with a cross in it. What but a passion for humanity's best interests, as they conceive them, could induce these people to incur the odium and persecution of the people? The story they tell is that of the early disciples and devotees of Christianity, and if anything were calculated to make me a wordslipper and a slave of Christ, it would be what I have seen to-night. To me it is the clearest sign of the Cross that I have seen yet."

(To be continued.)

*****HELPS***** FOR J. S. WORKERS. *****

JULY 4th.

FATHER'S GOOD COUNSEL. Proverbs 13:1-25.

THIS lesson is chiefly one of precept and promise. A certain line of action is laid down, and the results following such a course simply explained. The first ten verses are devoted to an exhortation to wisdom and devotion. The following two verses speak of patience, and the remainder of the lesson is a description of wisdom—its attributes, power, relation to mankind, and its benefits.

"KEEP MY COMMANDMENTS."

This is not an exhortation to mere outward obedience, but a heart service God wants and will have none other than that worship which begins at the heart. Prayers, ceremonies, professions, are not pleasing to Him unless the heart is right towards Him.

"LENGTH OF DAYS."

This is a promise to those who render heart service. Life and peace are two of God's best gifts. Salvation always brings peace, and often a righteous life brings increased length of years.

TRUTH.

This is the first principle of righteousness, and should be cultivated in character and in heart. Truth should become so a part of our nature that we should be willing to suffer for it as in the case of the martyrs of olden days when people went to the stake, to the flog, and all kinds of torture for the sake of God's truth. Are we brave enough to bear some persecution for its sake?

"THOU SHALT FIND FAVOR."

A conscientious man, woman or child will find favour. He or she is bound to be respected for their uprightness and their fidelity to the right. They will be conscious of the favor of God, and more or less ultimately secure the favors of man. But we must be careful to please God, not to please man, and then if we have true hearts and characters we cannot help manifesting it to those around us.

"TRUST IN THE LORD."

Trust is that quality which relies upon the truth of another. Life would be unbearable without it. The baby trusts its mother, the son his father, the wife her husband, the friend his friend, the comrade his companion in the war. We trust those who prepare our food, supply our light and fuel, we trust the steamer, train

or bridge—in fact, we cannot go on a day without exercising this confidence. God wants us to trust Him. He deserves to be trusted, and to be trusted with our all.

"ACKNOWLEDGE HIM."

Wherever you go remember that God is your Father and acknowledge Him as such. He is interested in all your ways, loves you, and takes interest in childish pleasures and youthful fears. Even the little girl who prayed for her doll to come on Christmas Day, prayed in faith and was rewarded, and learned a beautiful lesson of simple trust that will strengthen her faith for years to come.

WISDOM.

Wisdom is not book knowledge nor mental education only. Many may climb to the highest pinnacle of fame, education or business, and yet miss God's plan for them. True wisdom begins with the fear of the Lord, and He will educate the soul in a Divine education that is more precious than all that the world can offer. The path of such wisdom is the path of safety.

"THY FOOT SHALL NOT STUMBLE."

The secret of strength lies not in personal gifts or attainments, but in feet that are strong to tread life's rough ways, being shod with Gospel preparation. It is those who tamper with sin who stumble. Falshood, love of dress, pleasure, deceit, love of admiration, pride, temper—these are some of the causes of stumbling.

"THOU SHALT NOT BE AFRAID."

Fearlessness characterizes good people. Fear is the badge of wrong-doing. Good people are strong.

SWEET SLEEP.

Only possible to the righteous. No terror with the nightfall, no remorse, no regrets, no fear of death, no apprehension of coming judgment. And the little sleep of the righteous shall be as peaceful.

QUESTIONS.

1. What doest truth for a man?
2. What is true wisdom?
3. Why go souls stumbling?
4. What kind of peace have the righteous?

MEMORY TEXT.

"Be not wise in thine own eyes, fear the Lord and depart from evil."

MISSING

To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing or runaway relatives in any part of the globe; befriend, or assist, if possible, wronged girls, women, or children, or any person in difficulty. Address, COMMISSIONER EVA BOOTH, 16 Albert Street, Toronto, Canada, and mark, "Enquire" on the envelope. If possible, send fifty cents to defray a part of the expenses.

We will be glad if our Officers, Soldiers and friends will look through the Missing Column regularly, and if they see any cases which they could help us with, we would be pleased if they would do so.

(Second insertion).

1554. WILLIAM HENRY ASKELL, age 24, and Mrs. Robert Anderson, NEE ASKELL, and Mrs. Jas. H. Chace, all formerly of Mark Lane, Finsbury, England. Was farming in Canada 14 years ago.

1555. THOMAS SOTER, age 38; tall, stout, light complexion; dark hair and eyes; was in Grand Forks, N. D., in 1895. Baker or cook by trade.

1556. JOHN ROADLEY. Left Regina, N. W. T., about six years ago. Last heard from was at Birmingham, Nottinghamshire, England.

1557. SARAH LEE. Last heard from was at Ottawa, Ont. Age, about 22.

1558. PETER MUNRO. Age, 37; about 6 ft. high; fair complexion. Last heard of at Moosomin, N. W. T. His mother enquires.

1559. ALBERT RAND and sister, HARTENIE RAND; believed by their father, E. S. Rand, to be somewhere in Nova Scotia.

1560. JOHN FRANCES PERRY (commonly known as Frank Perry.) Last heard from was at Calgary, N. W. T. American Cry please enquire.

1561. ARTHUR H. SMITH. Last heard from in 1895; was then at Victoria, B. C. His mother enquires.

1562. MARY ANN CURRIE. Married a Mr. Timothy Patterson. Last heard from two years ago; was living then at Ancaster. Her niece enquires.

1563. JOHN ROBERT FUDGE. Was

last heard from in November, 1892; was then living on London Street, Toronto. Left for British Columbia. His sister enquires.

1564. MRS. KATE GRAPES. Age, 60; white hair. Was living at West Bromfield, Ont., with her two daughters in 1892. Spoke of going South. Her husband's name is Samuel Grapes.

1565. ELIZABETH JENKINS and FRANK JENKINS. Last heard from was in New Brunswick, near Fredericton, six years ago.

1566. ALFRED HOWEY. Last heard from was at Ottawa, Ont., four years ago. His mother enquires.

1567. WILLIAM RUFF. Left St. Helens, Jersey, for Newfoundland, 35 years ago. When last heard from was in the Salvation Army. Married a Captain Wilson. His mother enquires.

1568. LEVY, WILLIAM—Aged forty-three; rather tall; fair complexion; inclined to be sandy; high shoulders. Carpenter. Left Burnaby, B. C., supposed to have joined the police force at one time was living at Westminster. Something to his advantage awaits him. May have gone abroad.

1569. MARSHALL, HENRY CHARLES. Aged fifty; medium height; fair eyes; stout; thick lips; bald on top of head. Left South Hackney, London, England, June, 1884. May have gone to Australia. Brother, Alfred dead. Foreign Cry please copy.

1570. MARGUERITE BECK. Her son, William Beck, enquires. Once lived at Queensgate, London S. W., England. Then sailed to New York, New York Cry please copy.

1571. YOUNG, ALFRED SAMUEL. Left England about 4 years ago. Last heard from eight years ago. Was then at Prescott, Arizona, U. S. If he will write to his sister, Sybil, Jones, Lake Township, Devonshire, England, or to his brother, William H. Young, Vancouver, B. C., he will hear of something to his advantage. New York and San Francisco Cry please copy.

(First insertion).

1572. HEATH, LOTTIE, alias LOTTIE BANKIN, alias LOTTIE WEEKS. Left Montreal in February, 1894, with a travelling company as a singer and dancer. Last known address North Adams, Mass. Mother enquires.

1573. FOWLER, EMMA, now MRS. GREERLEY. 5 ft. 10 in. high; thin and fair; 26 years old. Her husband was clerk, reporter on an Oregon paper in 1890. Mother enquires.

1574. ROLLINGS, MRS. SARAH. Maiden name, MONCK. Age, over 70. Formerly of Buckland, near Portsmouth, England. Last seen a year ago on a train between Whimpering and Bournemouth. Has two sons, Albert and Alfred. Brother enquires.

1575. GROOMBRIDGE, E. J. Once connected with the Army in Toronto. Supposed to have gone to Quebec. His Toronto address was 31 Foxley Street. It is of financial interest to him. Write Enquiry.

1576. SPENCER, SILAS. Left Acadia Mines, Lunenburg, N. S., ten years ago. Last heard of five months ago at Illinois, Ill. B. C. Miner. Medium height, dark complexion, black hair and eyes; black curly hair. Father enquires.

1577. HARRIS, J. E. who left Ottawa two months ago, please communicate with his wife, who is anxious as to his whereabouts. Information respecting him will be thankfully received.

WANTED.—Information of Donald MacDonald MacKenzie, tailor, who left Battersay, June 10th, 1896. Any one knowing of his whereabouts, write Mrs. Biddler Read, Salvation Temple, Toronto.

Charlottetown.

Most successful meeting a roaring success, blessing both those who took part and those who listened. Pious soloists, duets and quartets, rousing Salvation choruses, stirring band, brass band and Daniel's band. Tickets nine cents and receipts beyond expectations. Captain Clark, of steamer Irene Morris, in port, has assisted nobly during past week. The Captain is Scotch. God bless him. His quarters are the better for his visit by a very serviceable dinner and tea set, and we, by much sympathy and encouragement both in word and deed. Children's Jubilee away up in G double sharp. (See Young Soldier.) Added to these victories we have had sons, and that is best of all. Officers back from Council. We have Elisha Hendricks, Captain Sabine and Lieutenant Coolen. The Lord bless them! Major here next week. Look out for red hot news.

"I AM GOD all-sufficient," said the Lord to Abraham. Is He the same to you?

HEAVEN'S gates are wide enough to admit of every sinner, but too narrow to admit of any sin.



NEW WESTMINSTER CORPS—Capt. Burton and Lieut. Myers in Charge.

SONGS FOR ALL PEOPLE.

Slower, Here's a Song for You.
Poor Backslider, Sing No. 5.
Songs for Singing Salvationists.

These Songs are the unaided efforts of
S. T. S., a boy of nine.

Tunes.—And Long Syne, or Sacred Hope,
B. J. 37, 3; In Memoriam, B. J. 398;
Behold, the Saviour, or Drink to me
only with thine eyes, B. J. 92, 9;
Bright Crowns, B. J. 39, 1.

1 Oh, Lord, I own my heart's not
right.
I'm not what I should be;
My soul is dark, but Thou art Light,
Thy light now give to me.

Chorus.

I do believe, I will believe,
In Thy Almighty power;
I now let go all unbelief,
I'll trust Thee from this hour.

Oh, Lord, within I'm full of strife,
I'm longing to be free;
I want to live a holy life,
The power must come from Thee.

A life that's blameless I would live,
Before Thee every hour;
Just now, oh, Lord, unto me give
Thy overcoming power.

Second Chorus.

I do believe, I will believe
Thou givest me the power
That will enable me to live
A blameless life each hour.

Tunes.—Behold, behold, B. J. 277; What's
the news? B. J. 12, 3; Come to Me,
H. J. 16; Christ for me, B. J. 328.

2 Jesus, Thy purity bestow,
Through the Blood!
The power of perfect cleansing
show.
Through the Blood!

Take every spot of sin away,
Within my heart forever stay,
Give me full victory every day,
Through the Blood!

Increase the faith that conquers doubt,
Through the Blood!
Cast every evil passion out,
Through the Blood!
Give me the power to master wrong,
Against the foe to march along,
With holy vigor make me strong,
Through the Blood!

Give me the love that never dies,
Through the Blood!
That will Thy cross and passion prize,
Through the Blood!
Help me to conquer Satan's host,
And keep me faithful to my post,
Anoint me with Thy Holy Ghost,
Through the Blood!

3 Tune.—Over Jordan, B. J. 17.
I'm a Soldier in the fight,
Battling for the Lord and right,
Living always in the light,
Through believing.
Not through good that I have done,
But through Jesus, God's dear Son,
For the victory He has won,
I'm believing.

Chorus.

Keep believing, keep believing,
For on Calvary's rugged tree,
Jesus died to set you free;
Keep believing, keep believing,
Then we'll gain the victory,
Keep believing.

Though the road be rather rough,
And the fight is rather tough,
Yet I find my Lord enough,
Through believing.
He has trod the path before,
And His promises are sure,
If I to the end endure,
I'm believing.

Tune.—Oh, turn ye.

4 Oh, sinner, arouse ye, awake from
your dream,
You're heedlessly slumbering along with
the stream;
Soon you will find where no lifeboat can
come,
And cry out for ever, "I'm lost and un-
done!"

To sleep while the tempest is raging
around,
Means death to your soul while there's
life to be found!

Entire separation from God and His love,
No place in the mansions of glory above.
There is joy when on Jesus believing,
But, sinner, there's mercy in Jesus for
you.
The lifeboat's now passing—get in with
the crew!
There's safety in Jesus, He stands by the
oars,
And safely He'll land you on Canaan's
bright shores.

Tune.—Home, Sweet Home, B. J. 54.
5 Poor prodigal, come back to your
home,
Why will you in sin and in wretch-
edness roam?
Why will you be starving on husks, with
the swine
While Jesus can feed you with food that's
divine?

Chorus.

Come home! Come home!
Return to your Father,
Come back to your home.

Your Father is waiting with arms open
wide,
To wash your heart white in the sin-
cleansing tide;
He's waiting to give you the kiss of His
love,
And fit you on earth to be with Him
above.

Say, "I will arise, to my Father I'll go,"
And if you repent, He His mercy will
show;
He'll freely forgive you, forget all your
past,
And give you a joy that for ever shall
last.

Tune.—Numberless as the sands on the
sea-shore.
6 Oh, the angels rejoice up in glory,
As before Christ the Lord they
stand;
And Salvation to God is their story,
They sing of the Blood of the Lamb.

Chorus.

Wonderful is the joy of salvation,
Wonderful is the joy of the Lord;
A joy that can't be told,
Is the joy of saving souls.
Wonderful is the joy of salvation,

There was gladness on Calvary's moun-
tain,
When the Lord heard the penitent's cry;
And when cleansing is wrought in the
Fountain,
The soldiers aloud shout for joy.

There is joy over prodigals weeping,
Over tears of repentance that flow.
There is joy when on Jesus believing,
The soldiers are washed white as snow.
There is joy over soldiers uniting,
Over those who their colors will show;
There is joy in the battles we're fighting,
There'll be joy when to Glory we go.

THAT PIPE AGAIN.

ENSGN W. H. BURROWS, Quebec.

A GENTLEMAN of this city gave his
heart to God some years ago, and
feeling that it was wrong to use
tobacco, handed it, with his pipe, to his
wife to destroy; but she, thinking that
the pipe was such a valuable one and too
good to destroy, wrapped it up nicely
and placed it away out of sight. Some
two years elapsed when it occurred
her husband to be searching in the bu-
reau for a required article, when he be-
held this strange little parcel, never
dreaming what it was. He unfolded it,
and there, before him was his once cher-
ished idol; but, alas, his two years' for-
saken enemy was unfolded to his down-
fall, for in that self-same hour the man of
God fell from grace, and has never re-
turned. The guilt rests upon his wife,
who exclaims: "Oh, that I had destroy-
ed the pipe!"

Christian professor, are you covering
up some cherished sin or idol, thinking
that it will never harm you? If so, take
warning and destroy it now!

Sacrifice, amongst other things, consists
in the renunciation of some legitimate
good, of something that one has the right
to possess, in order to serve God better,
and be more free to work for the salva-
tion of souls.

It has been remarked that a number of
Officers and Soldiers have got into the
bad habit of addressing Officers by their
surname instead of their title. This is
WRONG. Always when speaking to, or
of, or writing of an Officer, give them
their title.—Agitator.

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WA
AND OFFICIAL

VOL. III. No. 2. [Gazette]

SERV



HE IMITATION
CHRIST has
task under-
His follow-
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imitated the Divine character of
always have those most like the
been thought most of by men,
Christ-life is, most, and every
antagonistic to the desires and
of the world. Humility, brotherly
self-abnegation for other into
those are the expressions of a so-
lles low at the Cross and cares
the good opinion of the world—
lar sentiments with God-forgotten
man minds.
Out of all the example acts
Sacred Life, there stands one w-
its very mental aspect fits the
simplicity of Christianity high-
the vaunted pride of creeds to
planted to be comprehended
common people. When Christ
the disciples' feet. He placed on
an object lesson of that service
He expects to see reproduced
lives of Christians of every gene-
Some centuries back the broth-
an old monastic order so far
this principle of Christ's teach-
they sought by hiring them-
as servants to the rich and ne-
reach a self-abasement of service
should imitate their Lord.
This is the Nineteenth Centu-
which it is possible to go thro-
religious world with a good